"FOOTBALL PLAYERS" COMPETITION—OPEN TO EVERYBODY. *See page 436.*

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 509. FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 1ST, 1898. [ONE PENNY.

LYLE'S GOLDEN SYRUP

LONGEST ESTABLISHED, PUREST & BEST.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

Invested Funds, £10,000,000. No. of Accounts, 85,094.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand. TWO per CENT on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below **£100.** STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold for customers. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.—Small deposits received, and Interest allowed monthly on each completed £1. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, post free. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager. Telephone, No. 5 Holborn. Telegraphic Address: "Birkbeck, London."

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine. To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- Postal Order for **39/-**

ONE MONTH'S TRIAL.

Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and Samples of work.

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO.,

188B, High St., Camden Town, London, N.W.; 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.; 14 High Road Kilburn.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. An assorted sample box for 7 stamps from the works, Birmingham.

10/6 BY PARCEL POST. 10/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

SOLE MAKERS OF THE

'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES.

The "Alfosco" Half-Guinea Costumes are recommended by thousands of delighted customers, who acknowledge them to be GREATLY SUPERIOR in MAKE, STYLE, and VALUE, to any costumes they have ever seen at anything approaching the same prices.

Design No. 100. 10/6

Design No. 100. 10/6.

Design No. 885. 10/6

Design No. 885. 10/6.

Design No. 885. Half-a-Guinea.

A Costume any lady can wear. Made in the world-renowned Specialite Serge—all colours. The bodice is shaped to the figure and very prettily designed. It has a pleated front, and trimmed with a frill of cloth carried over the shoulders, and large fancy buttons. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full and fashionably. Costume complete, **10/6.** Skirt alone, **5/6.** This design is also made in the excellent Venetian Cloth for **13/6.**

Buy direct from leading firm of London Costumiers.

Design No. 100. Half-a-Guinea.

A Charming Costume made in the Allen Foster Specialite Serge. Unsurpassed for wear and durability. This attractive Costume has a tight-fitting Bodice, with full-pleated front and pretty lappels, trimmed braid and large buttons. The Skirt is well made and according to present fashion. Thousands of Testimonials. Costume Complete, **10/6.** Skirt only, **5/6.** This Costume made in our new Venetian Cloth will be **13/6.** *Thousands of Testimonials.*

PATTERNS AND SKETCHES POST FREE.

Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are 34, 36, and 38 inches round bust (under arms), the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 inches long in front. Large or Special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra. Each Costume securely packed, and sent by Parcel Post carriage paid, 6d. extra; skirt only, 5d. extra. Please mention *Short Stories.*

NEW SKETCH BOOK OF FASHIONS, ORDER FORMS AND PATTERNS, POST FREE.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers,

17 ROSCOE ST., GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Advertisements should be sent to "Short Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DO YOU KNOW?

GIVES PERMANENT STIFFNESS, BRILLIANCY, AND BEAUTY TO ALL STARCHED ARTICLES.

IMPARTS ENAMEL-LIKE GLOSS TO MUSLINS, LACE, LINENS, &c., EQUAL TO NEW.

MAKES IRONING A PLEASURE.

SOLD IN PACKETS BY GROCERS, OILMEN, AND AT STORES EVERYWHERE.

By Special Appointment Makers to Her Majesty.

THE PATENT BORAX CO. LTD., LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.

A REVOLUTION IN FOUNTAIN PENS.

HALF-SIZE OF THE PEN AT 5s.

Fine, Medium, or Broad Pointed nibs suitable for Shorthand or Longhand.

Why Pay 10/6 for a Pen When You Can Get the Same for 5/-

THE RELIANCE FOUNTAIN PEN has a 14-carat gold nib (Iridium tipped), an *Improved double Ink Feed*, and a fine chased Ebonite Holder.

WILL NOT GET OUT OF ORDER.

We claim this Pen to be the best ever offered.

"A stationer says: "This pen of yours writes very nicely; it will give everybody satisfaction."

Another: "The pen purchased from you has given every satisfaction: I find it far better value than the 10/6 pens.

We send this pen, complete in box, with filler and directions, post free for 5/-

A Large size, holding an Extra Supply of Ink, post free for 7/6.

A great Saving of Time—always have your own Pen and Ink with you.

:o:

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED.

You should not hesitate, but order at once.

THE RELIANCE PEN CO. LTD.,
26 IVY LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

REMEMBER, A 10/6 FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 5/-

PIANOS. UPRIGHT IRON GRAND.

Complete Iron Frame, Brass Pin Plate, Nickel-bolted Wrest Plank, Check Action, Full Trichord, Full Compass, Riveted Hammers, Handsome Walnut Case, Inlaid Marqueterie Panel, Sconces, Trusses, etc. Tone and touch perfect. Guaranteed 25 years. 28 guineas, at 10/6 per month. Delivered free on payment of 10/6. Approval. Catalogues Free.

ORGANS. GENUINE AMERICAN.

Imported Direct. Solid Walnut Case, Mirror Top, Music Care, 2 Knee Swells, Mouse and Dust Proof, 8 Stops, 3 sets of Reeds. 14 Guineas, at 6/- per month. 10 Stops, 3 sets of Reeds, 2 Octave Couplers. 15 guineas, at 7/- per month. Illustrated Lists Free. Kindly mention this paper.

THE LONDON AND LIVERPOOL PIANOFORTE CO.,
Granby St. & Selborne St., LIVERPOOL.
Agents wanted where not represented.

ZOX

CURES

NEURALGIA

Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

PURE, HARMLESS, AND NON-APERIENT.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as ZOX.

Of all Chemists, 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Box.

ZOX Co., 11 HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

NOSE

A RADICAL PERMANENT CURE.

Medically approved for Red Noses, 3/9, post free, under cover. Pamphlet, "Red Noses, Cause and Prevention," 1/-; Machines for Ugly Noses, particulars for stamp.

LEES RAY,
SPECIALIST,
SOUTH CASTLE ST.,
LIVERPOOL.

£20

Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates Free.

Tobacconists Commencing. See Illustrated Guide (259 pages), free. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £2,000. Tobacconists Outfitting Company, 186 Euston Road, London.

The largest and original house (50 years' reputation). Mgr., H. Myers.

MAKE PRIME BEER AT HOME

Good! it's Mason's

EXTRACT OF HERBS

6D. BOTTLE MAKES 8 GALLONS

NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The most palatable refreshing tonic drink producible.

IMITATED but NOT EQUALLED

Of all Chemists and Stores. Also try Mason's Wine Essences and Mason's Coffee Essence. Sample bottle of either of above post FREE for 9d. Two, assorted, 1s. 5d.; Three, assorted, 1s. 8d. *Agents Wanted.*

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

The BEST BEVERAGE for YOUR MEALS.

Advertisements should be sent to "Short Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

SHORT STORIES

No. 509.

ONE PENNY.

For the Week ending

October 1st, 1898.

THOSE WHO FOUGHT AT OMDURMAN.

No. 1.—Trooper of the 21st Lancers.

All rights reserved.]

A BRAVE COWARD.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

THE call to arms had gone forth—Fort Sumter had fallen, the Union was attacked. State after state seceded.

The President called for volunteers, and the loyal North generously responded to the cry.

Among the first to enlist for the war was John Allen.

He was an only child, and his father a prosperous merchant.

Filled with patriotism and enthusiasm, the young fellow soon succeeded in filling with his spirit enough young men of his district to organise a company, of which he was elected captain.

Possessing a slight knowledge of military tactics and drill, he soon had his company in such shape that when the national capital was

Digitized by Google

threatened, the company was at once mustered into the service and ordered to meet the enemy.

Thus hurried to the front without rest or proper nourishment, with no knowledge of their arms, it is no wonder that in the general panic that seized their brigade, the company should share in the nameless fear like the rest and hastily retreat.

"Now, not a word, Pettis."

The young commander, filled with mortification and grief at the first engagement of his comrades, and himself possessing a cool head, tried his utmost to make his men stand.

With uplifted sword, with entreaty and command, invocation and pleadings and blows, he manfully tried to lead or beat them back.

But they would not heed, and carried him with them in the crush to the rear.

It was while thus engaged, that the general officer commanding the brigade came up, and seeing a young captain going to the rear, halted for an instant—long enough to inquire the number of the company and regiment and his name.

The day after the retreat, Allen was placed under arrest, and a few days later brought before a summary court-martial, and tried for cowardice in the face of the foe.

It was useless for him to protest; his men would not testify in his behalf, for that would be owning to the fact of their own cowardice, and Allen's explanations were not listened to against the statement of the brigadier-general and his staff officers.

So he fell a victim, as many others did in the early part of the war, to the ambitious ignorance of a general officer as unskilful and unused to war as himself.

He was dismissed the service of the United States and his name struck off the rolls.

The blow was an awful one, but to a man of such noble and honourable instincts as Allen, it was more than terrible. At first the thought of his disgrace so maddened him that he would have taken his life; but there was not a drop of coward's blood in his nature, and when the first transports of grief and despair were over, he resolved not to go home, but to seek some western State and there enlist again, and if he could not rise, he at least could die a brave man's death on the field of battle.

Should he rise, it would be by wiping out the fearful stigma, and until that was done the old folks at home or his many friends there, should not know of his whereabouts.

Of all famous troops in Sheridan's cavalry command in the army of Virginia, there was none that stood higher or had a more brilliant record than the troop of Captain Henry Pettis, of the Third Brigade, of the Fifth Division.

Pettis himself, through the four years of war, had had a wonderful record of service.

Enlisting as a private in an Indiana cavalry regiment, he had successfully risen through the lower grades by brave and heroic acts on the battlefield, as well as by uncomplaining and faithful duty in the camp, on the march, or on picket

When one of the company officers fell on the field, he was promoted second lieutenant.

And later it was Sheridan himself, who, noting the wondrous bravery of the man and his untiring energy, promoted him a captain and assigned him a few days later to his own troop—the one with which he had won so many laurels.

His men worshipped him, for there was no danger too great for him, no hardship or trial of which he did not bear the hardest part, and yet with them he was always the quiet, straightforward, and courteous gentleman, though shy and reserved.

Time after time had he been complimented in general orders.

In the little lull preceding the famous raid round Dinwiddie Court House, Sheridan had a number of recruits sent down to his army, and seven of these were assigned to Pettis' troop.

Among these seven was one man whom the sergeant had occasion to reprove several times the first week for gross carelessness and even worse. Finding this of no use, he reported the man, whose name was Cook, to the captain. Pettis mildly rebuked him and sent him back, thinking that sufficient, but he did not notice the gleam of cunning recognition in Cook's eyes as he slunk away.

The next day the sergeant brought him again before the captain on the charge of maltreating his horse. This was too much, and Captain Pettis ordered him to be confined in the guards' tents and sentenced to do extra patrol work.

After three days' punishment, he was released, and for a time was well behaved, but it was noticed that he was exceedingly curious regarding his captain. He asked many questions as to where he had come from, when he had first joined, his various engagements and victories, and made every now and then slighting allusions to the effect that he might tell something, if he was so disposed, to the captain's discredit. The men paid no attention to this the first time it was remarked, but on his repeating the offence they warned him in tones not to be misunderstood that his life was not worth a pinch of earth if he repeated it.

He then behaved himself well, till the regiment was ordered with the entire corps again in the field. The day before starting, towards evening, the sergeant reported that Cook was missing, and also his horse and accoutrements. The manner in which he had left made it certain that he had deserted.

But the next day he was brought into the lines, having been captured by the guard.

He was taken to Captain Pettis' tent for examination, and on being accused of his great crime, he turned angrily on his captain and said:

"You had better look to yourself, Captain Pettis, as you are called. I know when you went under another name. If I am treated fair, I'll say nothing, but if not, then I'll drive you out of the army."

"What do you mean, Cook? Do not add to your crime by insolence to your superior officer. Had you done your duty, you would not be in this trouble, and your best course now, is to answer the questions put to you, truthfully and quietly."

He then dismissed him; but the man's remark preyed on him, till the next day, when he became busy again, chasing up the Confederates on the last great rounding-up movement.

The series of fighting marches and resulting victories which daily ensued, drove everything else out of his

Digitized by Google

mind, and as Cook had been left behind for trial the incident regarding him was forgotten for the time being.

The surrender of Appomattox followed, and brought with it the sure prospect of peace, and officers and soldiers alike were looking forward eagerly to the time when their services would be no longer needed, when one day the colonel commanding the regiment sent for Pettis.

On the latter's reaching the tent, he said to him:

"Captain, did you not have a man in that last batch of recruits named Cook, who deserted just before we started out round Dinwiddie?"

"Yes, sir, but he was recaptured and afterwards left behind for trial," replied Pettis.

"Well, the scoundrel, in order to save his hide, has written a very serious letter against you. In fact, he wrote to me before we started out on this last trip, but I paid no attention to it, knowing it was but a lie. But when he came up before his court for trial, he made charges against you which took the form of a letter written to the Secretary of War. The letter has been referred here, through military channels, and I am ordered to investigate it and report.

"Now you read it, and then, as I know the thing is an outrageous lie, you needn't answer me at all, but leave it here on my desk. No, don't say a word. Good-bye for a few minutes," and the kind-hearted warrior left the tent alone to Pettis.

With a sinking heart the young captain took the letter, and, as he feared, it was there stated by the writer—Cook—that he recognised in Pettis the same Captain John Allen, who nearly four years before had been dismissed the army on the charge of cowardice.

At last the fear that had smouldered so long had broken out. The honours and duties thrust upon him by arduous service had driven it out of his mind for a time, but it now came back with a tenfold strength. All his splendid record, his daring and courage, his endurance and duty performed in the face of dangers and trials that many other brave men shrank from, were as nothing in the face of this old stigma.

He shook his hands.

To be sure, his colonel had told him to leave the letter on the desk, paying no attention to it, and he—the Colonel—would state over his signature that it was a lie.

But would not that be making him share his crime?

The chance was open to him to escape obloquy; and not only the honours now possessed but the much greater ones in store for him would be his.

The temptation was strong upon him. He knew he was no coward—all his comrades during four years knew it. Why then should a mistake, a horrible stigma that was undeserved, cling to him?

While thus pondering, the Colonel entered, and going up to him, looking him square in the eyes, and holding his hand, said:

"Now, not a word, Pettis. We know what that letter contains, and, also, that notwithstanding any facts the writer of it may have, that he is a rascal, and you have the record of being the bravest and best captain in this corps. Any man that dares gainsay that, will have to answer me personally for it. It is all right, old man, and I understand that you are slated for a colonelcy yourself and will get your regiment in a few days."

The Colonel cut the buttons and shoulder straps from the condemned man's uniform.

And shaking Pettis' hand heartily, he half tried to push him out of the tent, that he might endorse the letter as a lie.

But the honour of a man, *sans peur et sans reproche* would not permit Pettis to allow his generous colonel to write a lie.

All the best instincts of his nature rose at once, and turning quickly, he said, with pale face and blazing eyes:

"But, Colonel, the letter is true! I was tried and dismissed for cowardice. I am not a coward, you know, but I was tried as such, and I have no right to my present place."

With eyes blazing as though in the thickest struggle of the battlefield, and with form trembling with anger, the Colonel said, in stern, set tones:

"Harry Pettis, I say again, that any man who says that you are a coward, who says that you are anything but the bravest and best captain in this regiment, lies like a fiend and will have to answer to me personally for it. Don't I know you, boy? Did I not see you go into the hottest angle at Spottsylvania with three hundred men and come back with forty? Don't I know that were you to go from us, half our strength would go? No, sir, I say the thing is an infamous lie, and I will not believe it!"

Excited beyond himself, the Colonel strode up and down his tent, shaking with an anger that only strong men, used to controlling their most violent feelings on the battlefield, ever can give vent to.

Poor Pettis took his colonel's hand, and as the tears silently rolled down his cheeks he told him the entire story.

It was some time ere the colonel could recover his composure sufficiently to listen and judge impassionately, but when he had learnt every particular of Pettis' or Allen's life, he shook his hands and told him to go back to his tent, and rest assured that he would have the stigma removed.

As Pettis went out, he sat down and wrote a long endorsement, stating all the facts connected with the former service, and then the splendid record of Pettis in his present one. He was not content with merely sending this, but himself took it to the brigade commander, and had a long talk with him. The result was, that the endorsement was strengthened by a stronger one from the brigade commander, then another by the division commander, and when it reached the glorious young Custer—a major-general in command of the corps—he endorsed it and took it to Sheridan, who did the same,

Digitized by Google

nailing the coward statement as a lie, and recommending Pettis for a colonelcy.

A few weeks more had passed by, and then came the surrender of Appomattox. During the days of extreme toil and danger preceding, Pettis had risen to the command of a battalion, and was a full major. His former daring had been eclipsed by the phenomenal trials and scenes he had passed through.

It did seem as though he possessed a charmed life, and that Death was unable to reach him. Wounded slightly more than once, he was never incapacitated from command. It was well known that he had not only been recommended for a colonelcy, but for the rank of brigadier-general.

It was in these early spring days, when the balmy air and opening buds gave promise of the coming of peace, and when men so lately antagonised now seemed to fraternise with each other, that the dreaded blow came, and with it the most dramatic incident of the war.

One afternoon, a spectator of the Union lines would have seen a long line of men, an entire brigade of cavalry, turned out as though for a review. Soon, general officers appeared, and then from one of the regiments an adjutant stepped forth. A moment afterward an officer, a major—Pettis—appeared, dismounted, with an officer on either side of him. He had no sword with him.

On his appearance, the adjutant read a long communication from the Secretary of War—the stern and merciless Stanton—whose mind once made up, whether right or wrong, was never known to change, and on whom no recommendations for mercy ever made an impression, however worthy the object.

The order stated that Captain John Allen, of the 24th Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry, having been dismissed the service of the United States for cowardice, and incapacitated from ever holding office again in the United States service, and having enlisted in the Indiana cavalry volunteer regiment, was dismissed the service. His name was to be struck off the rolls, and in the presence of his brigade his buttons and shoulder straps were to be taken off, and he then to be drummed out from the Union lines to the tune of the "Rogue's March."

An awful sentence for a brave and innocent man. The men, on hearing it read, did not quite understand, and they listened and watched in breathless silence. But when the colonel of the regiment, with his own hands, cut the buttons and shoulder straps from the condemned man's uniform, and instead of throwing them on the ground and grinding them in the dirt, carefully gave one to each officer of Pettis' regiment, as a keepsake, took one himself and gave one to the brigade commander; and as each officer received his, and kissed it and rolled it carefully in paper and placed it in his pocket, it was more than human nature could stand, and a series of sobs and mighty groans went up along the entire lines.

Their favourite a coward! What then must they be? Was this the way the country rewarded honourable and dangerous service in its behalf?

They could not understand, and when the next moment the brigade commander rode up, and then came the division commander, and the young and fearless Custer, and, dismounting, they shook Pettis' hand, while tears rolled down many a cheek, the men would no longer be restrained, but with one simultaneous movement broke ranks, and with cries and sobs crowded round the poor major, demanding to go with him. If he was to leave them they would go also.

The drums and fifes struck up the "Rogue's March," but it was not to march time, but to the slow solemn movement of a condemned criminal, the disgraced man left the camp, with Custer holding his right arm, and the Colonel the left, and followed by a train of officers and all the men of the brigade. When the boat was reached on the river's edge, and officers and men could go no further, Custer again told him to be of good cheer, and he would yet be righted.

Pettis, or Allen, left the camp, never to return. Representations of the strongest character, endorsed by Custer, Sheridan, and the mighty Grant himself, were sent forward, but that they were delayed so long in the War Office that they did not reach the executive mansion till after Lincoln's assassination.

And then came the hurry and bustle of reconstruction, and the great War Secretary, who soon afterwards felt the great remorse of heartless actions, was relieved from the office. Officers of volunteers were mustered out of service, and the great leaders of the war went to different spheres.

A disgraced man, with no recommendations from his war service, forgotten by the greater men, and lost sight of by the comrades of the battlefield, Allen went to his home disguised, and stayed there but a few days.

His father had died over his beloved boy, in the middle days of war, and his old mother, although still believing in him, had given him up for dead.

His story was to her a blessed reward for all the days of watching and believing in his honour.

* * * * *

Allen is still living, and is honoured in civic capacities in which he has served.

Under an assumed name, he has won honour and is now winning wealth. He is surrounded by a loving, beautiful wife and happy, healthful children, every one of whom knows his story, and is resolved that his and their name—their rightful name—shall be vindicated, and the blot removed from their father's record. His life is so full of rest and happiness in his work and friends, and especially his beloved family, that he is content to forget the past and to look forward with anticipation to the future, while he enjoys the happiness of the present.

J. Rogersson.

Digitized by Google

HIS OLD LOVE.

Years ago I was teaching in a country school, and fell in love with one of my pupils. I was eighteen at that time.

Her name was Mildred Colton, and at first I considered her very uninteresting. She was fifteen, and shy, blushed often and without apparent provocation, and frequently failed in lessons which I was sure she knew. This latter hindrance to her progress was what first interested me in her. Her habit of embarrassment must be removed; to effect the desired result, I must gain her confidence.

As I lived at her father's house, there was no lack of opportunities. And then she used to walk to and from school with me, along a wooded lane. The school was more than a mile distant, and we carried our dinners with us. I sometimes wondered why she remained at school so long.

It did not take me long to discover that Mildred's hair was not red, but pure golden, and in our walks I used to gaze in mute admiration whenever the sun came out and glorified it. I also definitely ascertained that her face was a perfect oval; that her chin was not too pointed or receding; that her eyes were not too light in colour, but just light enough; and I would have sworn that there was not a freckle on her innocent young face.

At the end of a year I went to London to read law under the protecting wing of a rich relative, who was to do wonders for me. I should come back some day, I knew; in fact, I told Mildred so, standing by a great oak tree at the turning of the lane where I bade her good-bye.

We made no pledges, for pledges seemed so superfluous.

The sun came shining down upon her hair, and so transformed it into amber with its rays, that I stood back a pace and watched her with strangely reverent joy, soon banished by the sadness of the parting kiss, when she cried a little, and I gulped down something that seemed rising in my throat, pulled my hat over my eyes, and strolled away with her image photographed on my heart.

Years went by, and still I carried that picture in my heart; a dainty little picture, the cherry lips just parted, the eyes filled with a tender, loving light, the sunlight shedding a halo about the golden hair.

I could see it best in the dark alone, with its background of wood and meadow, of giant oaks and lovely wild flowers, of green grass, and little, winding brooks.

Do you wonder that, when my moustache finally arrived, and I, grown stronger and taller, was said to have a handsome and striking appearance, and society in my London home looked on me kindly and approvingly, nevertheless, my affections remained proof against temptation? Or that when my law practice grew, and I accumulated money, and fond mammas and bewitching daughters beset me, the picture remained the same, and I was true to it.

I did not write; it was part of our understanding that I should not. I was to come back when my fortune was secured—come back to claim her for my own, while all the neighbours would be surprised at our happy little romance.

It was a beautiful June day when I alighted from the train at Worden, five miles distant from the old schoolhouse.

I was not known at Worden—it was not "our" station.

No one should be made aware of my identity until I had divulged it to Mildred.

Oddly enough, for the first time, the possibility of change having taken place during my absence occurred to me.

Of the unalterable condition of the supreme fact which was responsible for my return, however, there could be no shadow of doubt.

At the end of half an-hour, I stopped in front of a farmhouse, with the double object of definitely ascertaining my whereabouts and making inquiries concerning the Coltons.

"Well, ye won't find any of the Coltons in the old village now," said the young farmer. "Which one of 'em in particular did you want to see; or did you expect to find all of 'em there?"

"All of them, of course," I answered. "First there's Old Joseph——"

"Well, I should think you had been away somewhere! Why, man, Old Joseph's been dead these seven years!"

Then he told me what had become of each one except Mildred.

I braced myself for the worst.

Was she dead, or dead to me—married? The suspense was horrible.

As if to aggravate it, his wife appeared at the door—a great, stout, unlovely woman, her skirts bedraggled, her fiery hair flying over her face and down her back in unkempt tangles; a dirty, squalling babe in her arms, and two other equally unprepossessing children peering through the doorway.

Then turning to me the man said:

"This is my wife, Millie Colton as used to be. What'd ye say your name was, sir?"

* * * * *

Here I am back among my books again. As I am alone in my office, I take from my private receptacle a lock of hair which I had kept for years, and I see that it is red, violently red, and has been all the time.

That her chin was peaked and receding, and her laugh a very silly giggle, and her eyes were a whitish grey. Strange, but I can even remember freckles now!

J. C. Burrough.

Digitized by Google

HOMESPUN YARNS.

By LEVIN CARNAC.

III.—DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

One of the most interesting men I ever met was a gentleman of very manifest culture and education who represented himself to me on our mutual introduction as a retired physician, late of Her Majesty's Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor. I got into conversation with him during a slow but very comfortable passage from Antwerp to London in the once popular but now almost forgotten *Baron Osy*.

The course of our talk somehow turned on the then comparatively new theories which in the present day are tending to reduce all phases of crime to mere manifestations of more or less obscure mental disease. My companion held these views somewhat strongly, though in a modified form, and from the grasp of the subject that he displayed he was evidently well qualified to form an opinion on it.

When he told me of his profession, which I had already guessed, he went on to give me a detailed description of a case within his own experience, which he held to bear out his view of the origin of crime in disease.

A few years back from the time he told me the story, a young doctor, who had crowned a brilliant academic career by taking the M.D. degree of London with distinguished honours, bought a prosperous practice in one of the Metropolitan suburbs, and began his professional life under what seemed to be the brightest possible auspices.

After a year of hard work, during which he won golden opinions from his patients, he took a month's holiday on the Continent, and came back with a very pretty, foreign-looking wife, whom he proceeded to introduce to his rapidly widening circle of acquaintances through the usual medium of a series of "at homes."

For the first year or so the young doctor and his wife lived in an unbroken dream of mutual confidence and affection, which seemed to be finally perfected when their baby boy came to draw them closer than ever together with his clinging little hands.

This child was the only one that came to them, and by the time he was a little over twelve months old his idolising father had terribly good reason to be thankful that he remained alone in the nursery.

Early in the third year of their married life the husband began to miss more or less valuable little trifles from the house, and one or two servants were dismissed on the unproved suspicion of dishonesty. To do this went strongly against the strict notions of their puzzled master, who made the manner of their going as easy as he could for them in consideration of lack of actual proof of their supposed guilt. At last, however, a housemaid was accused point-blank by the doctor's wife of stealing a very valuable lace shawl, and on a search being challenged by the girl the shawl was found in her box covered by a false bottom made of pasted newspapers.

It was useless for the housemaid to protest her innocence in the face of such circumstantial proof as this, and she was dismissed on the spot without a character.

After this the thefts ceased for a few weeks, and then a gold watch and chain, worth together over £50, vanished out of the doctor's dressing-room one night while he was away at a case to which he had been called up. It was in its case when he went out. Of that he was quite positive. When he came back he glanced to where it always stood to see how long he had been out, and it was gone.

His wife was still asleep, as he had left her when he went out, and he was forced to the conclusion that the thief must have stolen through the bedroom into the dressing-room where the watch was, and back again without waking her. He said nothing about his loss then, but lay down and passed the balance of the night racking his brain to discover some clue to the mysterious series of thefts of which he was being made the victim. By the morning he had got no farther than a resolution to keep his own counsel on the subject of his latest loss.

Three or four days passed and there was no mention of the stolen watch. On the fourth morning he heard his wife tidying up his dressing-room, as she had been accustomed to do ever since their marriage. She could not possibly fail to notice that the watch was missing from its usual place, and as she came out the doctor felt sure that she would say something that would oblige him to tell her that it had followed the rest of the vanished valuables. To his unutterable astonishment, she made no allusion whatever to the fact that it was gone.

From surprise to suspicion was but a step, and horrible and unheard of as the suspicion seemed, it fastened instantly on his puzzled, agitated mind with a force that made it impossible to shake it off.

That morning he went through his consulting-room work like an automaton. His well-drilled intellect did what was demanded of it with no apparent direction from his will, and all the while his mind was busy with a hundred forgotten little incidents which cropped up now to strengthen the dreadful fear that was driving him mad. Seen with his present mental vision, every one of the robberies appeared to have some trifling detail that connected his wife with it, and then at last came a flash of memory that fused these crowding details into one fatally coherent whole.

He remembered that on the night the watch was stolen the bedroom door was locked on the inside, and that he had sprung the catch of the outer door of his dressing-room, as he had got into the habit of doing since the thefts had commenced. It was thus impossible that anyone but his wife could have been in the room during his absence.

So, in an agony of mind, he passed the first two hours of his working day, and at length the last patient was seen, and the time came for him to go on his rounds.

Digitized by Google

She threw herself on the floor at his feet.

He put on his hat and coat and gloves, and, for the first time since his marriage, left the house without saying good-bye to his wife.

As he walked down the drive to his carriage, he met the postman, and asked him if he had any letters for him.

"Yes, sir, here's a registered packet that has come back through the Dead Letter Office owing to the party having gone away. But I believe it's addressed to Mrs. Morton."

"Never mind, I know what it is. Give it to me. It will be all right."

The wretched man took the heavy package, and slipped it into his pocket. Then he signed the receipt, and went on to his carriage. As soon as the door of the brougham was closed he took out the packet and opened it. It contained, as he expected, his watch and chain, and a letter in his wife's handwriting, to which, with almost inconceivable folly or hardihood, she had added her name and address. The letter was written to her mother, who was evidently intended to pass the stolen watch on to some man who appeared to have some influence or claim on his wife.

How he got through that day Dr. Morton never knew, but by the time he got home his course of action was decided upon. He called his wife into his study, showed her the watch and the letter, and asked her to convince him that she was not a thief if she could.

For all answer she threw herself on the floor at his feet, and sobbed out a half-intelligible appeal for mercy and forgiveness.

"Mercy you shall have, but forgiveness for such a mean and despicable sin as this is impossible, so don't waste tears and words in asking it. If you can tell me anything that will make it less in my eyes, for Heaven's sake do so at once!"

Then she raised herself from the floor unaided, for he would not touch her, and standing before him told the story of her guilt. She was the daughter of a convicted gentleman-thief. Her mother had lied when she told him that her father was dead. He was in prison when Morton wooed and won his beautiful, tainted wife, and now he was free, and she had stolen from her husband at his bidding because he had bidden her, and because something evil in her nature had made her find a vile and stealthy pleasure in her sin. She felt it in her blood, and she could sometimes almost do murder that successful theft might come of it.

That was all—at first sobbed out in broken sentences, and at last spoken dry-eyed and hard-voiced with the frozen calmness of despair—but it was enough to spread the rest of Morton's life like a desert before him. He gave the miserable woman who must still bear his name all the money he had in the house—nearly £200—and bade her begone, refusing even to let her see her child again before she went.

As soon as the door had closed behind her, he went up to the nursery and abruptly ordered the nurse to leave the room and locked her out. The next morning he had disappeared, and the baby was found lying dead in its cot. There was an inquest, and the verdict was death in convulsions, owing to lack of proper attendance and care.

Three days later the father gave himself up to the police and told the whole story, saying in conclusion that he had watched the child die in convulsions rather than save it to grow up and enter upon its inevitable heritage of sin and shame. He was tried and found guilty of manslaughter, but as the jury were of opinion that when he let the child die his mind was affected by the discovery of his wife's guilt, he was sent to Broadmoor during Her Majesty's pleasure.

A few weeks ago he was discharged after nearly five years' detention, and he has just been over to Paris to see his father-in-law guillotined for the murder of the woman who was once his wife.

As the story progressed, the manner of the narrator led me first to the suspicion and then to the conviction that the narrator was telling his own life history.

Digitized by Google

A Guiltless Accomplice.

"So you don't believe that a man can be an accomplice in a crime, and yet innocent of any criminal intention? Well, I was such an accomplice once, and, if you haven't anything better to do than listen, I'll tell you the story."

We agreed *nem. con.* There were five of us in the smoking-room of the Pullman car of the 3.40 express from St. Pancras to Manchester, and the speaker was a nattily-dressed, clean-shaven old gentleman with whom one would no more have associated anything criminal than one would have accused a bishop of burglary.

The conversation had turned on a recent and very celebrated case, in connection with which those who sympathised with the accused had got up a petition for her release from prison on the plea of hysteria-neurosis and non-responsibility.

We had exhausted the subject, and everyone, of course, retained his own opinion. Thus we had come to a standstill, and were quite ready for a new departure.

This was the story of the old gentleman in the corner seat:

"Twenty-five years ago I was cashier in the head office of one of the oldest banking firms in the Eastern Counties. The bank was owned by two brothers, whom, for the purpose of story-telling, I will call Melville, and their nephew, Reginald Matheson, who was the junior partner in the concern. He had inherited his share in the business from his mother; and, as he had little, if any, turn for commerce or finance, his uncles just let him draw his share of the profits, and treated him more as a sleeping partner than anything else.

"So far as we knew him, he was a quiet, studious, gentlemanly young fellow, with a strong bent towards out-of-the-way, and what were then considered rather uncanny, branches of science. In fact, we in the office always used to say that he was much better fitted for a medical or scientific career, than for business. I can't say that he was popular with any of us. There was something about him which no one could understand—a sort of mental magnetism which impelled to obedience to his most trivial wishes, and yet repelled just as strongly anything like affection or even friendliness.

"He used to spend about eight months of every year in the town where the bank was situated, occupying rooms of his own, and coming every morning to the office for two or three hours; and though he only seemed to play at banking, as it appeared to us, yet he once or twice astonished me by the knowledge he had somehow managed to gain of the details of the business.

"How he spent the other four months of the year no one, not even his uncles, seemed to have much idea. He used to disappear towards the end of August, and come back to spend Christmas at home. The general opinion was that he employed his holidays wandering about the Continent, for the few letters that were received from him nearly always bore a foreign post-mark.

"It was just before he went away for one of these holidays twenty-five years ago next August, that I had occasion to take a rough balance of the books in view of a considerable loan which the bank was about to make to a large firm in Ipswich, and when I came to compare our capital on paper with the cash and securities in the strong-room, I was horrified to find a discrepancy of over £5,000. It was in vain that I pored over ledgers and day-books and cash-books, searching hopelessly for the error which I knew I should never find. Turn which way I would I was faced by the dreadful fact that over £5,000 was missing, and that I had not the slightest idea where it had gone to. Night after night I stayed late at the office, hoping against hope that I might be able to solve the terrible mystery before my duty to my employers compelled me to place the matter before them.

"At eleven o'clock on the fifth night of my vigil I had made up my mind to give up the task and formally acquaint the partners with their loss the next morning, when the door of my little private office opened and Mr. Reginald walked in.

"'Why, what's the matter, Johnson?' he said, coming round and looking over my shoulder, 'Have you got book-keeping on the brain or are you so busy over that affair of the Ipswich people?'

"He was one of my employers, and he would have to know the truth within a few hours. I felt that it was useless to keep the secret any longer, and so I turned in my chair and, looking him straight in the face, said, as steadily as I could:

"'The Ipswich affair is all right, Mr. Reginald, but either I am mad or something else is very wrong. There is over £5,000 difference, on the wrong side, between the books and the assets of the bank, and to-morrow I shall have to tell your uncles that I am utterly unable to account for the loss.'

"As I spoke he fixed his dark eyes on mine, and for several minutes looked steadily into them without saying

Digitized by Google

a word. As each moment passed I felt a strange influence creeping over me, paralysing my intellect and numbing my senses as though some strong opiate was working upon my brain. Then, suddenly, my intellect grew clear again, but the will power to direct it was gone. Like one who hears a voice in a dream I heard him say:

"'Five thousand pounds gone and you, the chief cashier, cannot account for it! Nonsense, man! You must be dreaming. Let me see the books.'

"Like an automaton I turned the pages over for him, pointing out the various entries, and comparing them with the memoranda which showed the actual cash and securities in hand.

"He examined them all attentively, and then he said, in a voice that seemed quite strange to me:

"'It's not the cash and securities that are wrong, but your entries. How can you have been so stupid? Look here, and here, and here!'

"As he spoke, he fluttered the leaves over before me and put his finger on item after item, which he declared to be wrong, but which I knew to be right, for I had verified them again and again. Yet so impotent was my will that I could not contradict him in any particular. Then he said decisively:

"'These must be altered, Johnson, or you will get into a very serious scrape. You are responsible for these things, and embezzlement is a nasty charge even for an innocent cashier to meet. You must alter these entries at once.'

"I heard the disgraceful imputation without feeling the slightest impulse to repel it, and said helplessly:

"'I cannot alter them; the alterations would be detected at once. To-morrow I shall be ruined and a felon. Heaven help me!'

"The words were not mine, and yet I uttered them with my own lips, though I could have choked myself for saying them.

"As I bent forward and covered my face with my hands, the fiend in human shape who stood at my side laid his hand on my shoulder, and said in a kind, gentle voice:

"'Come, Johnson, don't despair over a little matter like this. Granted that you have made a few clerical mistakes which you don't think you can rectify. As it happens, I can help you out of the difficulty, and as I should be very sorry to see any harm come to an old and faithful servant of the bank like you, I'll do it and we'll say no more about it. Give me the books.'

"I got up and gave him my chair. As he sat down he took a key out of his waistcoat pocket, and said: 'Go and get the sherry out of the cupboard in my room. I should like a glass, and I don't think a drop would do you any harm.'

"I took the key and got the wine, much as an obedient dog might have fetched a stick for his master. When I got back, Mr. Reginald poured out a couple of glasses and gave me one. As I drank it he fixed his eyes on me again, and said: 'Sleep!' and there and then I slept as quietly as a child might have done.

"I woke feeling his hand on my brow, and hearing him say:

"'Now come and correct the books; you will find it easy enough.'

"Following the motion of his hand, I sat down in my chair again, and once more scanned the long columns. To my astonishment I found that several large items had disappeared as utterly as though they had never been written in.

"'I don't think you will find any difficulty in putting the balances all right now, Johnson. You see you have only to write in these amounts as they really ought to be; run the alterations carefully through all the books, and the matter is at an end. It's a most fortunate thing that I happened to look in to-night. There would have been a most awful row in the morning, and goodness only knows what might have come of it if my uncles had taken a hard view of the matter. However, it's all right now, and when you have made the corrections you can go home and sleep with a quiet mind.'

"As a machine obeys the directing hand of man, so did I obey the master-mind that had taken possession of my will. Without question or remonstrance, I, whose very religion had, till then, been commercial rectitude, deliberately falsified the books in my charge to conceal a crime that I had not committed. With the skill born of long practice, I wrote in the false entries, so that the keenest eye could not have detected the huge fraud that lay concealed beneath their orderly coherence.

"When the dreadful task was at length completed, and I rose from my chair, Mr. Reginald laid his hands on my shoulders, and, looking hard into my eyes, said:

"'Now, Johnson, listen to me. Henceforth, you and I have only one will between us, and that is mine. Take my advice, and obey the impulses which will affect you in future without hesitation. They will come from me, no matter whether I am near or far, and to resist or disobey them would involve you in confusion that would infallibly be disastrous to you, while they would not affect me. Follow them, and all will be well with you; disobey them, and you be hopelessly ruined. Now be off to bed, and bear in mind what I have told you.'

"I said 'Good-night,' mechanically, and went home like one who walks in a dream. I was unmarried, and so there was no one to notice any peculiarity in my manner, and when I got to bed I fell at once into a deep sleep which lasted until my usual hour of waking.

"The next day the partners went through the books and decided to grant the Ipswich loan. Everything appeared perfectly regular, even to me, and such was my state of mind that the doings of the past night were as something that belonged to another life and had no connection with the affairs of this.

"A couple of days later, Mr. Reginald drew a handsome cheque and departed on his usual holiday.

"From the night of his departure until his return I led an existence of which no novelist ever depicted the equal. As I would not believe the story myself if the terrible experience were not my own, of course I cannot find fault with any of you gentlemen if you find yourselves unable to take it as fact. It was a double life, made up of the most hideously contrasting opposites that could well be conceived. During the day I was a sober, steady-going man of business, doing my allotted work with the regularity of a machine, and having no thought outside my office and my books. But as soon as I laid my head on my pillow I drifted into a land of dreams, where I seemed to lead the life of a lost spirit wandering without rest over the earth.

"I travelled night after night through splendid cities which I had never seen with my waking eyes, but which nevertheless seemed strangely familiar to me, and in each one I repeated the delirium of unholy dissipation that I had gone through in the one I had just left. I spent hours in gambling-halls, gorgeous with lights and decorations, and thronged with pale men in evening-dress and hectic women splendidly attired and glittering

Digitized by Google

with jewellery. I saw great sums of money won and lost with a laugh that had no pleasure in it.

"Every now and then would come intervals of delicious languor and rest, passed in paradises of flowers fanned by cool sea-breezes and warmed by everlasting sunshine. Then the scene would change again, and I would see men and women selling their souls for money and pleasure, and tempting each other to destruction for a few hours of fierce enjoyment.

"After a while I became aware of another presence mingling constantly in the fast succeeding scenes, and this took the shape of a young and beautiful woman, who seemed to be constantly seeking to draw my master-spirit from the revels to the rest, and more often than not succeeded. Then at last came the awakening.

"The last night of my dream-purgatory was spent in a gambling-den in a city that I had come to know as Paris. The scene stands as vividly before me now as it did the morning I woke from the dream in which I saw it. For the ten hours that I slept, Reginald Matheson the quiet, studious youth of his English life, sat over a long, green-covered table marked into divisions with chalk lines, and staked handful after handful of notes and gold on the cards as they were turned up by the dealer. The luck seemed dead against him, and at last everything was gone. Then the banker gave him a piece of blue paper, and he signed that, and staked again, and lost.

"As I woke I could hear ringing in my ears the words: 'I will discharge my debt in a week from now.'

"The next night was a blank, and the next I stayed late at the office, partly because I had some work to do, and partly because I dreaded to go back to my terrible dreamland.

"A little before twelve o'clock I was putting my books away when I heard the private door of the bank open, and a moment later I saw Mr. Reginald walk into my office where the safe was, and take a bunch of keys out of his pocket. He looked at me for an instant, and said:

"'Mind! you have not seen me here. Not a word about this!'

"As he spoke he put his key into the safe-lock, and pulled the door open. The next moment I heard a heavy tread in the outer office, and a policeman ran into the room.

"The next thing that I remember was hearing a shot fired, a groan, and a heavy fall, and feeling a pistol forced into my hand. Then I must have fainted, for I remember nothing until I woke the next morning in a cell in the police-station.

"The next day I was brought up before the magistrates at Chelmsford with Reginald Matheson charged with complicity in the murder of the policeman, who had been found shot through the heart the night before in my office.

Not to make my story too long, I may say that we were both committed for trial to the sessions, and there found guilty of murder.

"The day before the one fixed for our execution at Chelmsford, the door of my cell opened, and the woman of my dreams came in, and said without any word of introduction: 'You are guiltless and shall be free. Reggie and I are guilty, and we shall pay the penalty, but not as these people think. Good-bye; you will be free to-morrow.'

"The words of my strange visitor proved true, for the next morning, instead of being summoned to execution, I was told that my fellow-prisoner had committed suicide in the night, leaving a confession in writing that detailed the whole story of his crimes, and explained how he had made me his innocent accomplice in them from the first fraud on the bank to the murder of the policeman who had followed him on his last clandestine visit.

"Twenty-four hours later came, from the Home Office, the formal order for my release, and then I learnt that my mysterious visitor had been found dead in bed the same morning that Reginald Matheson baulked the hangman in his cell.

"How was it done? Well, the post-mortems showed that they both died of morphia poisoning, and the warder in attendance said at the inquest that, as the woman kissed Matheson for the last time before leaving him, she said:

"'We have lived and loved, whatever the price, and this kiss shall be sweeter death than the law would give.'

"The warder took this for romance, but found it to be deadly reality when he opened the cell in the morning."

EDWARD MOORE.

GENTLEMAN (indignantly): "You praised your kitchen coal up to the skies, and said it was most economical. Why, it won't burn at all!"

Coal Dealer (coolly): "Well, what could you have more economical than that?"

"REGINALD," she said, to a wealthy young dandy who had been paying his attentions to her. "I would like to ask you one very serious question."

"What is it, my dear?" he replied.

"Would you object to marry mamma if I refused you? You see, we really don't want to lose you."

THE reporter had just come in from a murder case. It was a rainy day, and he had to cross a ploughed field on foot.

"I see," observed the chief editor, looking with much displeasure at his large and muddy boots, "you have brought the scene of the murder with you."

"Yes," answered the reporter apologetically, "I've got to have some ground for my story, you know."

The Rose of Judah.

THIS is the title of a new serial story by Mr. George Griffith, which starts in *Pearson's Weekly* published on Saturday, October 1st.

It will be an excursion into a field which so far he has not yet trodden, notwithstanding the wide range of subjects covered by his novels.

The scene will be laid in Babylon just at the crisis of the Assyrian Empire's fate, and, talking broadly, deals with the love of Belshazzar, the Prince Regent, for Miriam, the daughter of Mishael, who herself is already in love with Belzan, Captain of the King's Guard.

There is plenty of fighting and exciting incident in the story, and no reader of *Short Stories* should fail to get a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* dated October 8th (published on Saturday, October 1st).

If the first instalment does not appeal to you, then you need not continue, and no harm will be done. But I'm sure you will like it!

Digitized by Google

READY OCTOBER 14th.

ONE MILLION COPIES

OF

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

3D.

ORDER IT TO-DAY.

THE Readers of *Short Stories* will have observed the above announcement in our recent issues, and will, no doubt, have formed the very proper conclusion that THE ROYAL MAGAZINE would be issued from these offices. In that they are right, and the time has come when we can talk to them about it.

Some of our Readers may know that an attempt has recently been made to start a Threepenny Magazine and has failed. There is at present no Magazine in this country to be obtained at Threepence. On October 14th there will be a Threepenny Magazine in the shape of THE ROYAL—a Magazine that can, and will, be sold by every bookstall clerk and newsvendor in the country at one price only, and that price Threepence.

There will not be a bookstall clerk or newsagent in the whole of the Kingdom who is not selling THE ROYAL MAGAZINE on October 14th.

A Threepenny Magazine can be made to pay if it is intelligently managed, and provided it obtains a colossal circulation. We can undertake this management, but to our readers we must appeal for the colossal circulation.

We are printing One Million Copies of No. 1, knowing we shall sell them. We want to print and sell two millions. There is only one way in which we can do that. If every reader of our papers will order a copy at once, sending in the order form to his newsman to-day, and will see that he obtains his copy or copies on the 14th, it means there will not be a copy obtainable throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom on the 15th. Then we can start re-printing right away to get the other million ready.

But if you keep your order back for days and weeks you won't give us time to reprint before No. 2 is upon us.

One million is a big order, a very big order, for No. 1 of a magazine. Yet we who have made and seen this Magazine know we shall sell every single copy.

We want to sell them in one day.

Please give this Order Form to your regular newsman at once.

ORDER FORM.

Please keep me ..... copies of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE on October 14th.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Digitized by Google

A STUPID HERO.

This hot afternoon, two young men had secured the coveted table in the balconied alcove off the dining-room of the Hotel Centra in Rio de Janeiro.

The month was March, when the sun is fierce and the yellow fever is in its deadliest activity, but the Rua do Ouvidor beneath the balcony was crowded with an excited multitude.

Rio is Brazil, and the Ouvidor is Rio, though to foreign eyes it is only an alley that runs through the heart of the city. The principal hotels, shops, and newspaper offices wall it with low, plastered buildings. Before every door an upward slanting staff supports the green flag of Brazil. From even a short perspective the flags on either side seem to intermingle, and the little balconies become hardly a handshake apart.

Usually, the tide of Brazilian life oozes gently up and down this narrow channel, but the multitude these two young men looked down upon swept by furiously. News had just arrived that the Bahian rebel general, Consulheiro, had again driven back the government troops, and Rio had immediately lighted one of its customary after-dinner revolutions.

But neither of the young men in the balcony was paying much attention to the feverish scene beneath them. Both had their watches on the table and both were looking earnestly at pictures in the backs of them.

"Sure, and my wife is the sweetest girl in the world, bar none," broke forth little Captain Bryan, who commanded a British tramp steamer anchored in the harbour and loaded with coal, which the gas company refused to land just yet, preferring to pay demurrage to the certainty of having the excited government seize it as soon as it was taken from the protection of the English flag. Yet the young captain smiled brightly, looking down at the picture in his watch. Even his blue eyes smiled.

"She would be crazy if she knew the old *Fairfax* was likely to be cooped up a month longer in this hornet's nest, with yellow fever as a steady business, and a revolution as a relaxation. Molly's my sweetheart yet, Bob, old boy, though we have been spliced three years. It's the first cruise she has missed, but, of course, I couldn't bring her to Rio in the month of March. She loves me and I love her, and it isn't right for her to be longing in Liverpool and me roasting in Rio, making a bargain for you to write her all about it if I join the other captains in the cemetery."

Glancing down at the table, he caught sight of the laughing, girlish face in his watch. His indignant mood vanished, and he smiled back at her once more.

Robert Morris, big and muscular, the pride of the British athletic world, nodded gravely when Captain Bryan ceased. But he did not raise his eyes from the picture in the back of his own watch. It was that of a young woman, not a girl, whose marvellous beauty spoke of regal strength, of self-command, and inherent force. The pose of the shapely head, the wide-open eyes, the delicately firm chin all told the same proud story. But there was an indescribable something about the mouth that was pathetic, as if she had a heartache and would not own up to it. Bob Morris' steady eye showed only tenderness, however, as he looked down at this beauty framed in gold.

"My wife is my sweetheart, too," said he, "but I am not hers. I love her with all my might, but she does not love me. I do not blame her, you know. She has been very good to me and will always be as true as steel, but she is a brilliant, strong-natured woman, and must be true to herself first of all. How could it be expected, captain, that she would love a stupid fellow like me? Though I am in Rio and she is in London, the separation is not wrong, as is yours from your wife. Yellow Jack might scoop me in and not do a bad day's work. Still, if I go first, you must write to her about it. As for this revolution, it promises sport. Viva Monarchy!"

Digitized by Google

"Shut up roaring 'Viva Monarchy,'" said Bryan, pointing significantly at the crowd below, now howling towards the plaster building where the monarchic newspaper had its office. "What can an honest man fight for in a country where they combine orange and green in one flag? You are already mixed up too much in this revolution as it is. Now let's take down the addresses."

So the little Irishman wrote in his note-book the address of Mrs. Robert Morris, of London, while the big Englishman wrote in his that of Mrs. Jerry Bryan, of Liverpool. Both men were silent for a few moments. Then Bryan said solemnly:

"It's a bargain: if I go, you will write to my wife, and if you go, I write to yours."

"It's a bargain," repeated Morris. The young men shook hands hard across the table. They smoked in thoughtful silence for a while.

"Bob," said the Captain impulsively, "if you should happen to write to Molly, tell her how much I loved her; promise me that."

"If I should, which I think very improbable," answered Morris gently, "I will surely tell her."

"And—and, Bob, me boy," Bryan stammered with a delicate sympathy which made him fear to hurt the big heart of his comrade, "if I should chance to write to your wife, shall I tell her how much you loved her?"

"Yes," answered Morris quietly, "I should like to have her know it."

"Didn't you ever tell her yourself?" Bryan demanded in open-eyed astonishment.

"No, I never did. She must have seen it, of course, but I have tried to do the real thing, and keep from annoying her as much as possible," replied Morris, his face flushing. "It's been hard sometimes."

The warm-hearted little Irishman stared into the quiet, strong face of his big companion.

"Robert Morris," he said, his brogue coming out strongly, "Ye are a fool."

"Let me tell you about it, and then you will understand," pleaded Morris. He shut the hand which lay listlessly on the table, until the knuckles grew white.

"Grace Lawrence and I were brought up together. Her father was my guardian. I am rich, you know. She ruled me imperiously, though she was the younger by several years. I went to college and floundered about in my usual clumsy way until I got my eyes opened.

"Grace grew to be the proud, beautiful woman of this portrait. Many men were ruled by her, strong talented men to whom I could not hold a candle. I soon saw the absurdity of thinking that such a woman could ever love Bob Morris. I made up my mind that if I really loved her, I would show it by thinking first and always of her happiness; so I never annoyed her by telling of a love she could not return, but took the place of a 'big brother' she so generously made for me. I could not help having a heartache once in a while, for I wanted to take her in my arms and hold her close, if only for a moment. But I didn't."

Bryan's lips moved as if repeating his former observation, but he said nothing.

"Everything went wrong when old Mr. Lawrence died, though I tried to make it go right. I must have been stupid in some way. Mr. Lawrence's estate was in such a bad way that Grace, heart-broken over the loss of her father, was left with almost nothing. I was arranging with the lawyers to have a lot of my money transferred to her as if her father had left it, when she found it out.

"One night she came into the library where I was looking over the legal papers. She was all in black, very slender and girlish. Her face was pale and her eyes were misty, as if she had been crying. She came quietly up behind me and put her hands on my shoulder.

"'Bob,' she said softly, 'dear old Bob, I know all about it. It must not be.'

"I had planned a story to tell her, but it all went out of my stupid head. I just thought of how frail and sad she looked, and how horrible it would be if she had to face harsh things.

"'Oh, Grace,' I cried out in consternation, 'it must be. You wouldn't be as hard on me as that. Remember, I am your big brother, and it would drive me wild to think of your giving up things. What are those lawyers thinking of to let you know?'

"She smiled at me, and settled down on the arm of the big leather chair. 'No, Bob, you are the noblest man I know, but you are not really my brother in the eyes of the world.' She took up one of the legal papers and began to tear it into small pieces. I marched about the study thinking hard, but bewildered. I knew how determined Grace was, and how proudly she faced the world. What with blind fright for her, and the strength of my love and her sitting there resolutely tearing up a fortune I quite lost my head.

"'Grace, dear,' I said, still marching up and down, 'you don't love me, of course, but I am your big brother, you know, and I am going to ask if you love anybody else.'

"'No, Bob,' she said quietly, 'I don't love anybody else.' The torn paper was falling from her hands in little white showers.

"'You won't let me take care of you as your brother,' I plunged on, 'could you let me watch over you as your husband? You don't love anyone else, and you trust me. I would care for you very tenderly, and would try not to bore or bother you. It would make me very happy, dear, to feel that I should always have the right to protect you.'

"She never looked up, and the white bits of paper still fluttered down.

"'Would it really make you happy?' she asked me.

"Her head hung down, and her voice sounded as if she were crying.

"'Of course, it would,' I said indignantly.

Digitized by Google

"'Then you shall be my big husband,' she answered softly, and almost ran out of the study."

"Didn't you kiss her?" demanded Bryan.

"Why, no," Bob answered.

Bryan actually snorted with disgust.

"Of course," went on Bob, "I saw she was marrying me out of the goo'ness of her generous heart. During the two months that intervened between then and our marriage, I mapped out a set of rules for myself. I vowed to watch over her as tenderly and unobtrusively as I could, but I would not force my love upon her, as if looking for a reward.

"We were married very quietly, it being so soon after her father's death. Although I tried to give Grace everything she wanted and kept a tight rein on my longings, I soon felt that she was miserable with me. It was no use, Captain, I could not help seeing that she found even the light ties that bound her to me irksome. So I fixed it with my lawyers that they should attend carefully to all her wishes, and I am here. It seemed the only way to make her happier. I am a mistake, and a mistake should be rubbed out."

The young man stopped abruptly.

"That's all," he said, nervously lighting a fresh cigar, but not looking at Bryan.

"Bob Morris," repeated Bryan gently, "ye are a double-dyed fool, and I am going out to Tijuca to write some letters. You had better come out, too, and get a whiff of mountain air. It is positively suicidal for you to stay down here in the heart of the city. I don't see how you have escaped Yellow Jack so long."

"I'll walk up as far as the Bonde with you, but I have arranged for that o'd rebel, Theopolo and some of his friends to meet me at my little house to-night," answered Morris, summoning the waiter by a violent hiss.

It was not a long walk to the square, where the mule cars for Tijuca had their station, but Captain Bryan complained of being tired before they reached the place.

"This infernal sun gives me a headache and pains in my back," he said fretfully, as he climbed on the car. But when the mules galloped away, he turned and waved his hand gaily to Morris.

After an hour's ride in the shaky tramcar, the mountains which girt Rio so closely tower straight up. The captain hissed at the driver and stopped the tram at the gateway to a tropical garden. The air was filled with music of fountains. Slender palms rose high. Bamboo hedges arched the walks. Orange trees bent under their burden of fruit. Ferns grew rank and tall.

Somewhat back from the road, surrounded by palms, the low square structure of a fine old Brazilian mansion, now "Hotel Tijuca," shone white against the verdure of the mountains. Bryan walked slowly up the avenue under the palms and entered a great hall open on three sides. He flung himself down in a chair amid a group of sea captains who made this hotel their headquarters.

They were sitting silent and moody. Yellow fever was their sole topic of conversation. Dread of it showed itself on their anxious faces. Usually, Bryan was full of scornful raillery of this timid colony, but this evening he sat silent, too, wondering what made his head ache so terribly.

"I think I'll go to my room and write some letters. My head feels bad. It's this great heat," said Bryan at last. Several captains hastily moved away from him as he rose. Bryan's merry scorn returned for an instant.

"Lumsley, my boy," he said in mock solicitude, "I see the whites of your eyes are of a yellow tinge."

Lumsley gasped in sudden terror, and rushed away for his favourite medicine, while Bryan went to his letters.

Several times the blinding headache forced him to stop writing, but at last he had finished. Ringing his bell, he gave the servant two letters, telling him to post them at once. One letter was directed to Mrs. Jerry Bryan, Liverpool. The other was to Mrs. Robert Morris, London.

"Dear little Molly! Stupid old Bob!" he murmured, his bright smile coming back for an instant. Then he put his hand over his eyes and groped his way to the bed. "I am so tired, so tired," he cried wearily.

Towards the evening of the next day, Bob Morris, cool and careless in his snowy duck suit, sauntered down the Ouvidor, passed into Rua Primo do Março, had a glance into the Globo, and finally arrived at Charlie Hues', the ship chandler's where the English and American captains congregated each day.

"Hasn't Captain Bryan come down?" Morris asked of Captain Lumsley, who sat by himself in a corner, rinsing his mouth out from time to time with vinegar.

"Down," repeated Lumsley dismally, "I should say he was down. Down with the worst kind of Yellow Jack at our hotel. He ought to have known better than to bring it there."

Without a reply, Morris wrenched open the door to the little room where Dr. King, the physician, had his office.

"Come with me at once, doctor," Morris cried. "Poor Jerry Bryan is down with the fever at Tijuca."

They found him delirious, rolling his head about on the pillow, and muttering incoherently. Bob knelt beside the bed, almost crying in the tenderness of his big heart. The moaning stopped, and Bryan groped about till he got his arms round Bob's neck. The hand was cold and moist. The handsome face was cadaverous and leaden. It wore the look of dread that comes to those that are stricken by the most fatal kind of yellow fever.

"Oh, doctor," cried Bob, looking up and asking no questions. He knew he must soon write to Mrs. Bryan of Liverpool.

All that night Bob sat by the edge of the bed and cared for Bryan with the tenderness of a woman. In his delirium he talked always of "Molly, dear little Molly." He was on the bridge of the *Fairfax*, bringing the steamer into Liverpool.

"Sure, and the mate can take her now, Mr. Pilot. I must run below and get a shave before I go ashore. Molly will be waiting at the dock, and will want to rub her cheek against mine when she kisses me," he cried out, with a faint return of his old buoyancy.

Towards morning he grew fretful. He moaned over and over again: "I want my sweetheart, I want my sweetheart." But when the day was dawning, grey and misty, Bryan came to himself and knew that his head was on Bob's shoulder.

"Thank you—old chap," he said very faintly, "when the time comes to write to Molly go to England yourself. Don't be a fool any longer. I've done the best I could for you. My—my watch, Bob."

The watch lay on the table close by, and Bob reached it without changing his position. Bryan fumbled at the

Digitized by Google

case, then looked appealingly at Bob. Divining what he wanted, Bob opened the back to the picture of the laughing girl.

"My sweetheart," Bryan whispered lovingly. He raised the case to his lips with faltering hands. He made as if he would kiss it, but the blood suddenly gushed from his nose and mouth, dimming the lustre of the gold, blotting out the laughing face of the girl.

So they buried him in the English cemetery, and Robert Morris, having ordered a handsome stone to mark the grave, sat down with a heavy heart to write to Mrs. Jerry Bryan of Liverpool.

Two months passed by, and Bob, fortified against a fresh remonstrance from the consul, marched up the narrow stairs to the consulate for his letters, a mail steamer having arrived that day. He found Mr. Lance, the consul, pacing up and down the outer office, evidently much disturbed.

When Morris came in, he rushed up to him and shook hands excitedly. "Just sent my man to look you up," he cried. "Most important communication! Most extraordinary, by Jove!"

"Look here," said Bob suspiciously, "what's up? Got a new argument why I should leave this charming spot?"

"I have that," replied Lance, beaming all over. "Bet you ten to one it fetches you this time. Most extraordinary, 'pon my honour! Wonderful! Marvellous! Here, come into my private office."

He pushed Morris into the doorway, but instead of following, he shut the door with a bang and began to stamp up and down the outer office, whistling "Home, Sweet Home."

Morris drew in his breath sharply, and stood motionless, staring at his wife, who stretched out her arms to him. All the old hauteur was gone. Her eyes were soft and shining. The light of a great love transfigured her face with indescribable tenderness.

"Oh, Bob," she cried with a dry sob, "oh, my husband! I love you so!"

Morris was too much amazed to move, but the beautiful woman ran to him. She crept into his strong arms, pressing close to him, lifting her lips to his. Morris put his arms about her, crushing her fiercely, and began to tremble.

"Dearest, dearest," he said in glad amazement, "I never knew, I never guessed. Why didn't you tell me you loved me?"

"How could I, stupid, when you never asked me?" she returned, burrowing her face into his coat. "Oh, Bob, my heart has been so sore. I thought you married me just because you pitied me. When you went away, I was sure that you were tired of me and too generous to tell me. I've had a heartache for years and years, hungering for your love. I never would have known the dear truth if Captain Bryan had not written to me, telling how great was your love, and how you had come to this dreadful place because you thought I wanted freedom, and that you were surely going to die of yellow fever or be shot, if I was too proud to tell you I wanted you above all things.

"I was the happiest woman in the world over that letter, even though he said you were a big-hearted fool. But I was filled with dread, too, lest I should lose you just when I could let myself love you.

"So I came all alone on the first steamer that left for Rio, not even bringing my maid.

"The voyage seemed an age, but now I have found you, I don't care for anything else, and I am never going to leave you again, never. But you haven't said you love me, Bob. Say it. I want to hear you say it!"

"I love you with all my might. I have always loved you," Bob said, with such tender solemnity that Grace looked up in his face a little awe-struck.

Two days later, they stood on the deck of the mail packet, watching the grim fort Santa Cruiz sink low on the horizon.

"I have only one regret," she said, moving closer to him, "I wish I had seen Captain Bryan to thank him. Is he in Rio, or has he sailed away to some other port?"

"He has sailed away to some other port," he answered gently. ARTHUR DENHAM.

THERE was a rule in an old Debating Society which might be advantageously recommended to the House of Commons.

"That any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening should have a room to himself."

IT is stated by "One who has been there," that at the telegraph offices of various Californian towns and cities they have forms on which is printed, "Please send me return ticket and six dollars. I'm busted." All the sender has to do is to fill in the address and signature. The receiving clerk stamps in the name of the place and date.

YOUNG Mrs. Codling (to her papa): "Oh, papa, what does the word 'contract' mean?"

Papa: "It means to make smaller, my dear. For instance heat expands and cold contracts."

Mrs. Codling: "Then it's all right. Harry told me he was contracting some heavy debts, and I was so nervous till you explained it."

A WOMAN called at a book-shop the other day, and said she would like to take a look at some "chromos," as she wanted to find something to please her son, who had worked on the farm all the summer and should be rewarded.

"Anything religious?" asked the clerk, as he ran over a lot of chromos and engravings.

"Well, no; not exactly religious," she answered. "Some of it might be solemn like, but down in the corner there ought to be a dog fight, or a man falling off a barn, or somethin' to interest the young mind."

A PRIZE FOR ARTISTS.

THE Editor of *Short Stories* offers a prize of £2 2s for the best set of six decorative head-pieces, corner-pieces, or tail-pieces suitable for reproduction in the paper. Competitors may send all head-pieces, or all tail-pieces, or all corner-pieces, or some of each. The head-pieces should contain a space for the title of the story.

The winner will not only receive a cheque for £2 2s., but will possibly have the opportunity of securing a considerable amount of further work in connection with the various publications issued from this office.

Style, shape, and size, are left entirely to the competitors.

Attempts should reach the Editor, marked "Decorative," by Monday, October 3rd.

Should the quality of the competition justify it, a number of consolation prizes will be awarded.

All attempts become the property of the Editor.

Digitized by Google

Margaret Danvers stepped into the train at Edinburgh one stormy March evening, and the eyes of every person were riveted upon her. She looked the model of a fashionable beauty. She was the only woman in the carriage, and before she had fairly settled herself comfortably, all the men had mentally pronounced their opinion of her looks and style.

Her attendant, a florid man of middle age, received the slight degree of attention justified by his seeming an adjunct of the moment. As he left her he put into her hands a bunch of costly roses, which she received with a smile, and laid upon the rack the instant he was gone.

She was, in a way, a public character; but, as it happened, no one was really acquainted with her, and before long even those most deeply interested in her appearance yielded to the apathy peculiar to sleeping cars, and subsided into their newspapers or rugs.

Margaret amused herself in dreamily watching the flying snow. Too used to travelling to even look about her, she yielded to the prevailing somnambulistic influence just enough to dream without sleeping.

At first there was in her mind a confusion of events —past, present, and to come. Incidents of no importance mingled with greater ones, and her reflections became mixed with little fanciful suggestions of things long since forgotten, or rather, voluntarily put out of mind. She tried to think of her career, to recall her triumphs, and to dwell upon the possibilities of her future. She told herself that music was her life, all that she had to do with was the beautiful and the divine in art, and that the everyday existence she had struggled to rise above was henceforth nothing more than an unpleasant memory.

At twenty-eight she was her own mistress, earning an independent income through the use of her beautiful voice. The teaching days and the drudgery of the class-room had passed, and as a concert singer she was favourably known in more than one city noted for its critical taste. After a successful winter in Scotland, she was now upon her way to fulfil an engagement in London, which promised more than anything in which she had been engaged. She was in the heyday of her powers, admired, in radiant health, conscious of her beauty and talent, and entirely satisfied with life.

What did it mean that, as she looked from the window with a proud smile upon her lips, some tantalising thoughts should obtrude themselves, and the mind so entirely self-poised should feel, for the first time for years, the weakening influence of some emotional fancies? It was her boast that she was never lonely, never sad, that her whole heart was in her work.

"Never saw a promise of a worse storm," said a man near her to his companion. "Shouldn't wonder if the line is blocked a little ahead."

"Comes from the north-east," suggested the other. "If necessary, they'll put on another locomotive. We're bound to get through at any rate in this train; that's one comfort."

By nine o'clock Margaret, enveloped in a downy wrapper of dark red, lay courting sleep in her berth. Over her was spread the fur ulster, none too warm above the blankets, even for her warm blood, for the whiffs of icy air found their way every now and then into the compartment. Everything was quiet, save her thoughts, which began to utter themselves with loud, importunate voices, as if answering some call from without, independent of her control.

"I have, happily, been able to say all my life that I didn't know what nerves were," said Margaret to herself, "but I begin to think that from some inexplicable cause I am nervous."

"Richard Allen!"

She started as if the words had been spoken in her ear. Swiftly memory flew back ten years, and she saw herself standing bare-headed at the gate of her father's house in the Highlands, where her childhood had been

Digitized by Google

passed; and beside her, bending tenderly to catch her lightest word, the form of her first lover, then a poor, obscure young lieutenant in the army.

With an indifference scarce tinged with pity, since it hardly occurred to her in those days that men could really feel, she had met his pleading affection with an enthusiastic outburst of her ambition to lead the artist's life, to spend her energies in self-development, and show what a woman wholly devoted to an intellectual and artistic career might become. She had no feeling for him above regard; no feeling for anyone, for anything but art.

"You must not think that I am deficient in womanly sensibility," she had said to him, with one of those soft glances, of the meaning and effect of which she was entirely unconscious. "But some women must remain spinsters, you know, and I think I am meant to be one of the sisterhood."

"You do not know yourself. The day will come when ambition will seem nothing to you; when the homely things, the real things, will assume their true value in your eyes, and a 'career' will seem a mere artificiality that has nothing to do with what is best and sweetest in life."

The words had passed her by as an idle phrase, evoked by disappointment. And she and Richard Allen had parted.

She had lived for ambition, and the world had been kind to her, after she had proved her mettle. She had not lacked lovers, but she had never loved. Her strong will, which had determinedly mapped out an existence entirely free from sentiment, had carried her through every affair triumphantly and untouched.

The woman turned restlessly in her berth, wondering why such thoughts should come to her now to interfere with her peace. She was good: she was ashamed of nothing in her past; she was living a high, free, independent life, the life for a woman of intellect and energy to lead. Thank Heaven, she was not an emotional creature! Sentiment had been trained out of her. After midnight she lost consciousness, and passed a few hours in fitful slumber. It was cruel that she should have to dream of Richard Allen; dream that they were together in an open boat, drifting out to sea, and that his arms were about her, his eyes looking into hers. And she cared for nothing, thought of nothing but that he held her close—how strangely sweet it was!

A jar, a shock, a sudden stop, as if the train had run against a wall of rock, and Margaret tried to rise, but fell back with a cry. A fall through space—what was it? Oh! where was she? Had the train fallen down an embankment?

After a minute she realised that she had been thrown from her berth across the car; there was a sharp pain in her left arm, and a weight upon her side. A falling lamp had struck her, and for some cause she could not rise; her leg must be broken. There was a terrible confusion, much talking, and half-a-dozen people bending over her pityingly and asking questions.

"What has happened? Is anybody killed?" she asked.

Several persons answered at once. They had run into a goods train. The driver of their own was killed; no one else. Many were hurt. Could she bear to be moved?

"I must," she returned, setting her lips, for agonising pains began to shoot through her foot, and the mere thought of being touched was suffering.

"Fortunately, we are near a village; there are houses near."

It was the conductor who spoke now, and he at once took charge. She was lifted carefully, wrapped in blankets and carried out. Their car had sustained less damage than any other, being in the rear, and there was no difficulty in getting out.

"If she could stand to be taken over there," said someone, pointing to a house some distance away, "she'd be more comfortable."

"If she could bear being taken over to the doctor's house," said the persistent first speaker.

"I can stand it," she interposed; "take me there quickly."

They improvised a sort of litter of mattresses, and carried her across a field in the open country. The dawn was just breaking, and the pale moon was slowly fading out of view before the great coming light. The air was clear, cold, crisp; and though there had evidently been a heavy storm during the night, it had cleared completely, and the first ray of sunlight glittered upon the banks of frozen snow.

The house before which they stopped was a plain, two-storied structure, which seemed, at first sight, peculiarly barren-looking. Clean white curtains hung in straight, scant folds at the windows. The door had been drab in colour, but the paint had been so assiduously scrubbed that one now took its presence on trust. There was a brass knocker and a rush door-mat, on which lay a large black cat with bristling white whiskers.

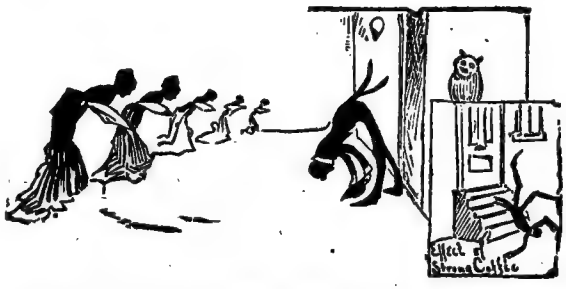
The door was opened by a severe-looking servant girl, whose starched cap and apron suggested careful housekeeping, as her suspicious countenance suggested inhospitality. She made no objections to admitting them, however, and Margaret was carefully deposited upon a couch in the sitting-room, to wait the coming of the doctor, who, the maid said, had just left the house to go to the scene of the accident.

"We'll send him back to you, ma'am, right off," one of the men assured her. "You ought to be 'tended to first."

"Not if others are suffering and need him more," said Margaret faintly.

The ungenial-looking servant proved herself to be not deficient in skill, even though sympathy was in a measure lacking. She made her guest as comfortable as she could. The shoe was cut from the swollen ankle, which was bathed and bandaged, and the hurts upon her shoulder and side were pronounced to be only bruises which "the doctor would make right." And then

Digitized by Google



Margaret was left to herself, while the girl went to make the inevitable "cup of tea," which was to set everything straight.

At first she lay perfectly still, seeing nothing, and caring for nothing, her mind full of vexation and impatience over an accident which must delay the fulfilment of her engagement. It did not occur to her that it might have been worse; anything was bad enough.

After awhile her eyes began to wander idly around the room. It seemed half parlour, half study. There was a book-case well filled; some good engravings on the walls; a few easy-chairs covered with raw silk of a dull hue, much worn; and a writing-table between the windows, half covered with books and magazines.

There was something agreeable to her taste in the air of the room. She could imagine it the abode of a man whose very poverty could never become squalid. The great open stove shone brightly, and the hearth was scrupulously clean. Upon the mantle-piece were a bronze clock and a pair of fine vases, dainty in tone and finish; they were the sole womanly touches about the place. Noting these details half indifferently, she lay back again and closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, they happened to glance directly over to a corner of the room which had before been dim, but was now illuminated by a shaft of sunlight. A carved bracket hung there, and on the shelf lay a singular-looking little instrument, shaped like a dagger, of Moorish device, the handle inlaid with gold, left rough and unpolished.

When Margaret saw this small object, she gave a little cry and tried to rise; but finding that impossible, she dropped back upon her pillows as though she had been shot, her eyes fixed upon the little instrument with a look of recognition that was half pleasure, half alarm. What strange trick was fate about to play her? How could this thing be possible?

There was a noise, the front door opened, and someone came along the hall with a firm, measured step. Margaret's heart, that well-regulated organ, beat to suffocation. She hardly dared listen or look. She threw her arm up over her forehead, nearly concealing her face. Someone entered the room and paused beside her. A well-remembered voice, graver, deeper than of yore, yet with a cheery ring in it, said:

"Let me see what I can do to help you, madam."

A chair was drawn up to the side of the couch, a gentle hand took her own. Her pulse was beating furiously; the hand was held rather long, as if something perplexed him. She felt searching eyes bent upon her face and suddenly threw down her arm. The doctor drew back, his face paling, and the two looked at each other for a minute in silence. She spoke first, putting out her hand timidly.

"Richard, don't you remember me?"

"Remember you? As if I were likely ever to forget you, Margaret."

She softly touched his empty left sleeve, pinned over his breast, two tears standing in her eyes.

"At Tel-el-Kebir," he said. "I have got over minding it. Don't grieve."

"You left the army?"

"Yes, years ago. I studied medicine, was invited here by an old friend to become his assistant, and shortly afterwards he died. That is all."

"You never—never——"

"Yes, I married."

The words were an unexpected stab. Margaret gasped, amazed that she should care. Her face suddenly became suffused with colour, and she turned it away.

"She only lived a year, Margaret," said the doctor, bending down to study the fair flushed face, suddenly pain-smitten.

"My arm!" said Margaret, drawing his attention to the lesser hurt.

He was the doctor again at once, and for the next half-hour all professional gravity, and as impersonal as the sphinx; yet the woman felt through every nerve, like a musical vibration, the thrill of his firm, warm fingers, the scrutiny of his eyes. He was changed, worn through suffering rather than years; his face lined, his hair grown grey, with nothing young about him but his eyes, which sparkled with a cheeriness and brightness no grief could dim, for they mirrored a mind above all personal considerations, concerned with those large, loving interests belonging to humanity.

The woman felt the presence of this spirit, as if something beautiful and good had settled down softly beside her, and mutely besought her attention from herself and her narrow world. She struggled against it, yet it was like a shaft of genial sun heat entering suddenly some frozen glen. She felt, in a heart purposely hardened against such influences, a stir, a thaw; ice was breaking, and the long-stilled waters of human affection began to flow in gentle currents, inspiring a sensation of delight that astonished and abashed her.

The doctor came and went quietly, her eyes following him. When he intercepted the look she blushed like a school girl. Too busy all the day to give her more than necessary attention, he yet lost nothing that passed, and she had a sense which was oddly pleasant that he understood something of what was passing in her mind.

The coals burnt red in the open stove; a little tea-table was set in the middle of the room, and in the easiest chair in the house, piled with all the available cushions, the doctor placed Margaret, taking his position opposite her. The girl brought in supper, which was well cooked and served with a scrupulous cleanliness that almost atoned for the absence of a more dainty service.

The doctor's face shone with satisfaction; but his manner, although genial, was ceremonious. Margaret felt that, in the few feet intervening between them, there lay years of care and grief and disappointment. She felt a yearning to bridge the chasm, to draw nearer to him, even though she herself had to take the hard steps towards understanding.

Thought the woman: "Does he love me still?" And thought the man: "Is she tired of the world, and could she learn to love me now?"

But they spoke of music; of the routine of a soldier's

Digitized by Google

life; of what they had seen, what they had read. Not a word of what they felt.

A few hours later the doctor stood in his bare little soldier's bedroom, and looked in his glass. For five minutes he studied himself, and then he turned away, resolved to let no new hope spring up in his heart.

But Margaret slept to dream of him; woke through the night thinking of him, as she could not have thought in the olden days, when he wooed her in the confidence of his fresh, hopeful youth.

There was no hotel in the village, and the few scattered houses were crowded with the wounded passengers, lying there till well enough to proceed with their journey.

Margaret was not sorry that there was no other place for her than the refuge she had been taken to.

In time her shy looks wrought upon the doctor, and his stern resolution wavered. He found himself sounding her preferences and attachments, with the unconfessed design of extracting some unguarded word that might indicate a change in her old convictions. This caused him to betray to the eager girl all he wished to conceal, and she wished to know. She had telegraphed to London that she would be there in a few days. She was now free from pain, and able to put her foot to the ground. The doctor persisted in helping her from her couch to the chair, and back again.

"But I can walk alone now," she objected.

"We must be careful. Not until to-morrow." She protested with greater earnestness. "True, I have but one arm," he said, with the first accent of bitterness she had heard from him.

Her lips parted to give utterance to a sudden rush of words, but she only looked at him with eyes so eloquent that he answered the look.

"Margaret, do you care? Dear, I have always loved you; I love you now. Can you care?"

She drooped her head on his shoulder, but said nothing. The doctor held her close for a minute, and then, leaving her, began to walk up and down the room.

"It is impossible!"

"It may be impossible," murmured Margaret, with a little blush, "but—it is true."

"It is cruel in me to ask it, dear. You are young, beautiful, brilliant—with success at your feet, and I——"

She put up her hand imploringly. It was caught and held.

"And I am poor, obscure, and—and old," he finished, his eyes upon her face.

"I have come to you, Richard. It seems strange to me. I cannot explain it, but it seems as if everything the world has to offer me is nothing beside——"

"Beside my love?" He bent on one knee beside her chair and put her hand to his lips.

"I want to share your life," she said; and a new expression grew upon her face—a high, devoted look, which was half-heroic, all womanly. "I want to learn something of the great things, the true things."

"You have had greater things than I can give you. Think of all you are leaving."

She made a gesture of renunciation. "It does not seem much to leave—for you."

"Ah, my darling, I am afraid you will regret it! The work-a-day world will be a trial to you. And mine is a veritable work-a-day world."

He kept his eyes on her face, half-dreading to see her shrink away. But what woman is not won by an appearance of self-renunciation? Richard could not have let her go now; at the last instant he would have snatched her to his breast had she drawn away. But the misgiving that rushed over him so fiercely was a real one, a sensible one: he felt it profoundly, and tried to read in her eyes a shadow of this coming regret. But her eyes were clear, loving, radiant. She pressed herself against his breast, and gave him the great gift of her life and her future. Would the shadow ever come?

The moon looked softly into the room an hour later, and finding the lovers in that delicious dream which once in a lifetime comes to most men and women, drew over her face a grey cloud-veil and let them to dream on.

MARY COOMBE.

HER FATHER: "Is he a man of any means?"
She: "Certainly; he means to marry me."

THE armless artist was married recently, and signed the wedding contract with her feet. That was an au-toe-graph with a vengeance.

"YOU are fined 10s.," said the magistrate to Jaysmith, arrested for drunkenness.

"Why, your honour," protested Jaysmith, "you only fined me 5s. last time. I understood the necessities of life were going to be cheaper under this Government."

PHYSICIAN: "You cannot possibly follow your profession more than five or six years longer. I have known it a long time."

Star Actor (wrathfully): "Then you ought to have told me before this. You have cheated me out of several farewell seasons."

IT has been satisfactorily demonstrated, that when a man steps on a bar of soap which has been left on the top step, it will start down stairs with him, and though having much the best start will yet be overtaken and passed by him before it gets half-way down. This sounds like an Eastern allegory; but every married man knows it is true.

A FORLORN Irishman, reduced to the last stage of poverty and destitution, as the last resource made inquiry at a marine store as follows:

"D'ye buy rags and bones here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then, be jabers," says Pat, "ye may put me on the scales."

ARCHIE: "My children manifest too early in life a tendency to put away money, and I am exceedingly worried over it."

Sandiman: "Why, that is an excellent trait, and I don't see any reason why you should be worried."

Archie: "But I am. The baby swallowed a threepenny bit this morning."

THE advertisement manager of a newly-started journal wrote to a large firm in the following terms:

"We notice your advertisement in the *Quicksilver*, which we will insert for twenty-five per cent. less than they charge."

The reply was:

"The *Quicksilver* inserts our advertisement for nothing. We will trouble you for a cheque for the difference."

Digitized by Google

Football Players Competition!

OPEN TO EVERYBODY. £10 IN PRIZES. OPEN TO EVERYBODY.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each of which indicates the name of some well-known football player.

For example, "A young goose" signifies, of course, Gosling.

Ten names will appear each week for five weeks, making fifty names in all. Keep all your lists by you until you are told to send them in.

To the person who succeeds in solving the greatest number we will give

A CRISP £5 NOTE.

TO THE NEXT, £2; TO THE NEXT, £2; AND TO THE NEXT, £1;

while consolation prizes will be awarded to the extent of twenty handsome volumes which competitors may select for themselves from the catalogue of books issued by this firm.

If you are weak in the names of football players, your brother, or cousin, or male friend will give you a helping hand.

SHORT STORIES "FOOTBALL PLAYERS" COUPON No. 4.

31.	Daubs with mud.	31. .....
32.	An overseer.	32. .....
33.	A big collection of trees.	33. .....
34.	A flour factory and part of a key.	34. .....
35.	A workman.	35. .....
36.	Red sandal wood.	36. .....
37.	Trees.	37. .....
38.	A game at cards.	38. .....
39.	Flags.	39. .....
40.	"Enlarge, Mac!"	40. .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Google

"LITTLE BROTHER."

Miss Stanley was a pink and white English girl, tall and shapely.

The Mexican girls, who ordered out their carriages if they had merely a few yards to go, used to look upon her with amazement as she tramped down their steep streets with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe gait.

She was picking her way one day among the vendors in the *plaza*, stopping once in a while to give some whining beggar or tattered monstrosity a *centavo*, when she felt her skirt pulled.

Looking, she saw a tiny hand held out, and a childish voice piped the usual formula for alms.

The little creature was no taller than a child of four.

But the face! It was old and withered. The eyes were sunken and so old!

Miss Stanley pulled back the bonnet—the hair was grey.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a little feeling of repulsion. "How old are you?"

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee thing.

She said her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything for a living, begging preferably, although that is a somewhat overcrowded profession in Mexico.

Sometimes she sold chickens or vegetables on commission.

She had another source of income, being a pensioner on the bounty of a young man—a *centavo* a week—but she confessed sadly he made her jump for the coin, and if he held his arm out straight she might jump in vain, she could not reach it.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley.

Rosita did not know the meaning, but she looked up, pleased.

That was good, the English lady was taking an interest in her, for the expletive sounded profane, and profanity from a feminine source indicated strong emotion, which she construed favourably.

The poor in Mexico are always hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing this failing, took Rosita to a little one-room restaurant. The menu was confined strictly to Mexican dishes.

Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita put half her dinner on one side. When she came to a dulce of some tropic fruit, boiled in syrup of cane sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked wistful.

"How can I take some to my little brother?" she asked.

Miss Stanley asked another question:

"Is this food you have put away, for your brother?"

"Yes," answered Rosita, in her squeaky voice, "I take care of him. We are alone, and I work for him. He is locked in the room, now see," and she held up the massive key peculiar to the Mexican doors.

"Why is he locked in?" asked Miss Stanley, as she directed the waiter to put the dinner in a couple of jars for Rosita to take to her brother.

"He has fights with the children in the street, and I am afraid some one will get hurt," she answered.

Miss Stanley watched her trot away, laden with the dinner for her brother—so little and so old and pitifully thin. It was not until she reached home that Miss Stanley remembered she had not asked how old the "little brother" was.

She often met Rosita after that, sometimes in the Jardin, where the roses nodded overhead and violets bloomed under foot, and the band played softly and sweetly as Mexican bands do. Rosita would dart into the inner circle, where the quality walked under the trees or sat on the iron benches. Miss Stanley could seldom resist the little, dirty, badly-worked square of drawn work held out by the tiny hand.

Sometimes in the *plaza*, where the vendors called their various fruits and vegetables with long-drawn, wailing

Digitized by Google

cries, Miss Stanley would suddenly hear at her elbow the shrill squeak of Rosita as she praised the virtues of an attenuated hen.

"Very plump!—take it—weigh it in your hand—it is heavy," she would insist, holding up the unattractive bundle of feathers.

Constance Stanley had no father or mother, and living with a brother who was endeavouring to effect the drainage of the richest silver-mine in the world, wandered unchecked through the crowded, narrow streets of the old town, with a young servant girl for her only safeguard.

She had often longed to explore a dark street that plunged downwards from the paved and civilised one.

It was damp and murky.

A staircase of stone, with crumbling adobe walls, two and three stories high.

Across the street's narrow width fluttered strings of washing.

The women with their red petticoats and blue hooded cloaks, made bright patches of colour.

The men loafed about lean and ragged.

It reminded her of Naples.

The doorways swarmed with babies and dogs—poverty always marching side by side with those innocents.

Down she went.

The street made an abrupt turn.

At the corner she was startled by seeing protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long black fingers.

They were withdrawn, and she saw as she passed the door two bloodshot eyes peering out like beast's eyes.

"Nina! Heaven has sent you, and see what gain will be yours!"

Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell—a coarse, ironstone china plate, chipped and cracked.

There was a look of intense anxiety on her old face, and her wee hands shook as she drew her treasure forth from under her cloak.

The plate was worthless, and Constance, breaking the fact gently to the dwarf, was astonished to see the tears gather and fall over her shrivelled cheeks.

"For two days, *senorita*, I have not dared unlock that door," and she nodded toward the mean portal where the eyes had shone and the fingers protruded restlessly. "'Little brother' has had nothing to eat, except the few biscuits which the poor round here could give, and many of these go hungry from the sun's coming up until the sun's going down."

Constance sent her servant and Rosita to the *Plaza* for some cooked food, and, while she waited, she talked in the doorways with Pepita and Lola and Juana.

They told her how Rosita worked and starved for her brother.

"How old is he?" asked Constance.

"No one knows," they said.

"Is he a child or is he big enough to work for her?" she asked impatiently.

"Ah! he is big, but also he is mad. See, that is José now who glares from a hole in the door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with that rapt attention we all give the tales of the insane.

He dug deep holes in the earthen floor, burrowing like an animal; sometimes he escaped in that way and then there was fear in that narrow street, and the police, after a desperate fight, would drag him shrieking back to the one poor room Rosita called home.

She had always put food through the door to him before venturing to open it.

Once, for a long time, he had not menaced the peace of the street.

That was when he killed the watchman.

Constance looked very lovely at the dance.

A policeman had teased him as he peered from the hole in the door, much as people tease a hyena snarling in a cage.

The mad have memories, for José, one night when the moon was big, crept softly about the dark room, and, finding the key Rosita's small cunning had hidden, opened the door, crept again softly up to the street to a doorway, where was sleeping a *sereno*, his head on his knees.

The police have a day and a night duty, but one cannot expect a madman to know everything. So it was an innocent man who had his neck wrung as the cook does a chicken's.

They found him asleep by the dead *sereno*, and although too polite in the "Land of the Noonday Sun" to manacle or chain, they took the precaution to tie with stout rope José's slumbering bulk before six of the largest policemen would venture to carry him to the prison. José's kind of people are treated with deference in Mexico. So, after some time, the man was sent back for the dwarf to feed and care for, and Rosita's face took on more wrinkles each day.

By the time Rosita returned with the food, Constance, who understood Spanish very well, had heard much of the "little brother."

Digitized by Google

She declined to look through the peep hole at him ravening over his dinner like a wild beast. Followed by Rosita's wordy gratitude, she climbed to the top of the street and there met Mr. Dysart, whom she had met at the Governor's ball.

Constance looked very lovely at the dance, in a simple gown of white silk. Mr. Dysart completely lost his head over her; as he had a lot of possessions in Ireland, among them a rich father and an ancient and honorable ancestry, he could afford to do so.

He was thinking of her as she had looked the night before, when suddenly she appeared, with her servant, coming up from a street dark and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of having been at college with her brother, he began with true manly irascibility to take her to task for her imprudence. But Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth, and giving him the rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study, led him a chase home.

When they reached the house, Dick, in a smoking-jacket, lounged out from the sala to insist that "Tony, old boy," should take tea with them.

Which he did.

That was the first difference between the brother and sister.

Dick and Tony were great chums, and every night they conversed about pumping out the mine or riding to hounds. But Constance detested Tony, and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so.

She tramped round the disreputable and filthy streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a man like Dysart makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy or horsey and takes Browning to be an authority on pink eye or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'We don't run in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pined for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps towards what Mr. Dysart called "those cutthroat dens."

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a *siesta*, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner she heard a thin little shriek full of appeal. She recognised Rosita's voice, and ran with her maid at her side into the low, open doorway she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's "little brother," tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall; but his arms were free, and he stood naked to the waist, a giant in size.

He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his arm and calling for help. To and fro he swung her as a wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel hands, and he brought it down on her upturned face. Then again, as Constance rushed forward with a scream, the key fell with a crunch on the little, old, grey head.

At that moment the pin gave way, for adobe walls are not strong. Constance turned with her hands thrown out wildly.

Over Rosita's body the madman tripped with a crash to the earth floor; just as he fell, he caught Constance's gown in his grasp.

She fell with him, and, falling, knew the room had filled with a clatter-crowd, and that Tony Dysart loomed above all.

Constance, with the help of her maid, got out in the street, where she listened, with beating heart, to the cries, oaths and scuffling going inside.

There was one predominating, awful groan—then a sinister silence.

A moment of sickening uncertainty for that unemotional young Englishwoman, and Tony Dysart appeared, panting, his clothes torn, and bloodstains on his face and hands.

He walked firmly enough to give Constance a helping arm up the stairs.

He said Rosita was dead, and he thought the "little brother" would die also, for, while he was struggling with him a policeman had crept up and struck him over the head with a heavy, iron bar.

"Here we are at home," she said, as they stopped before the carved doors. "Come in. Dick will want to see you. He can thank you better than I."

"No one can thank me like you can," Tony replied. "And I must go to the hotel. This arm of mine pains a little. No, not broken," he answered, trying to smile, "but 'little brother' wrenched it a trifle."

Constance, however, would not accept his easy assurance that it was all right. "You must come in, Dick will want you."

"Do you want me, though?"

She did not answer that; but, as she let the knocker fall, turned with tears in her eyes.

"Will you come, Tony?"

"I will come," he insisted, "if you want me."

The big doors swung open.

"I want you," she said slowly.

And the doors clanged behind them.

JESSICA PALMERSTON.

A RAILWAY Washing Company has been talked of. The clothes are to be boiled under the copper of the engine, and mangled under the wheels of the luggage train.

SHE (disappointedly): "The ring is—is pretty, but the pearls are so very, very small."

He (airily): "Yes, I told them it was for the smallest hand in the city."

WIFE (who wants him to buy it): "I saw such a duck of a bonnet to-day."

Husband (not to be caught): "Yes, and like other ducks, it has got a pretty big bill to it, I suppose."

DOLLY: "Flowter, you are something of a sailor I believe?"

Flowter: "Something."

"Then tell me what is the usual binding for a ship's log book."

"Well, it is often homeward bound."

MRS. NOOLYWED: "Oh, ma, George is upstairs in a fearful temper, and all because I asked him to lend me his new razor a moment."

Mother: "The wretch! What did you want it for, dear?"

Mrs. Noolywed: "Just to open a sardine tin with."

Digitized by Google

WHAT AMERICA THINKS OF THE WAR.

THE FINAL WAR

BY

LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Shadow Hand," "An American Emperor," "The Lost Provinces," etc.

SUMMARY.

Time 1898. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale, Ambassador at Paris, is engaged to Captain Edward Harington, Lord Eskdale's military *attaché*, and Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, to Harington's sister, Ethel.

France and Germany declare war against Great Britain.

An attempt to land at Worthing is made by a combined French and German fleet of 36 ironclads, 40 troopships, and 100 smaller boats. The local volunteers hold them in check till the regulars arrive from London.

An inventor secures an audience with the Prince of Wales and demonstrates to him the utility of a new weapon, with the result that steps are immediately taken to manufacture an enormous number of them.

The *Hornet*, a torpedo boat, commanded by Rodney, blows up the Suez Canal. Paris is in a state of fermentation owing to the repulse of the Allied fleet.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's fleet gains a decisive victory over the Allies off the Rock of Gibraltar.

A representative of the *New York World* interviews Lord Salisbury on a matter that is not yet made public.

The British organise two expeditions, one to invade France, and one to invade Germany. The first army corps appears off Havre, and after a short bombardment which lasts till nightfall, the fleet withdraws, the troopships move northwards, and the soldiers are landed at a point opposite Blaville.

The French are routed and the British enter the city.

On receiving news of Lord Roberts's successes in France, Sir Evelyn Wood sets sail with his expedition for Germany. A small but powerful fleet under Sir Nowell Salmon engages the attention of the enemy at the mouth of the Kiel Canal. Meanwhile, the main body of troops arrive with a large escort in sight of Stralsund. A brigade of cavalry under Colonel Lockhart attacks and captures the town from the rear. The next morning 200,000 English troops are encamped on German soil.

CHAPTER XVII.

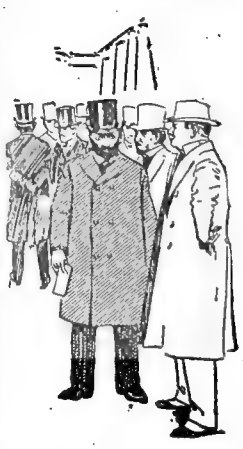
The Divided States.

France was the honoured ally of the States. No treaty held them to a common union, but from the remote time when America had claimed from Britain her independence, France had given aid to the sister republic and had fought for the establishment of a new and powerful nation.

True, Americans were of English blood. Our history and our literature were theirs. They spoke a common tongue. The ties of kinship held the mother country and her giant colony in a bond that could not lightly be broken. But were these elements sufficient in themselves to keep alive the flame of mutual sympathy? Time would doubtless show.

When the American schoolmaster sought to inflame his pupil with pride in his country's greatness, or with the fervour of patriotic feeling, it was to this one great national effort that he turned for example. The Englishman was the enemy—England's unjust laws the offence. It was the red coat who figured in the history books, in the drama, in fable and in story, as the representative of what was hostile, proud, and arrogant; he it was who was invader and destroyer. It was in victory over him that national virtue first became manifest and the nation itself first founded. And through all these troublous times the American schoolboy learnt that whilst England was the foe, it was France who was the friend.

And when, triumphant and secure, the American Republic had shown what marvellous resources there lay in its sturdy strength, and had become, in an incredibly short space of time, one of the chief Powers of the world, it was France who sent congratulations and a gift. The colossal statute of Liberty, which dominated the harbour of New York, seemed to be an everlasting memorial of the deadly struggle with Britain, and of the generous aid which an equally young republic had sent across the waters.



One of them approached Mr. Rockefeller.

Every reason that history could give tended to attach the sympathy of America to France. And that country expected it, awaited it, was certain of it.

Early in May a full meeting of the American House of Representatives mustered at the Capitol. A strange rumour had spread in the morning that an important announcement was to be made, and there was little difficulty in guessing its subject.

No wonder, therefore, that of the 356 delegates, 330 were present at the opening of the House.

Digitized by Google

Prayer was solemnly pronounced amid the ill-concealed and impatient movement of the expectant throng. The Speaker then rose and informed the profoundly silent House that he had received that day from the President of the Republic a Message, which it was his duty to read to the assembled delegates of the United States.

In clear tones and measured utterance he proceeded to read it out.

After rehearsing the principles laid down by previous American statesmen as those which should govern the international policy of the States, the President declared that there was no consideration which could draw America into European complications except the instinct of self-defence.

It was her plain duty to remain neutral.

"I have carefully considered with the Secretary for State," he went on, "the circumstances which have led to the war between Great Britain and her neighbours, and we can see no reason why the United States should be expected to interfere and compel the three nations to submit to her arbitration."

Cheers greeted this announcement. But it was noticed that the French and German ambassadors, who were both present, turned angrily to each other and exchanged a glance of mutual disdain.

But the chief point in the Message lay in its final words:

"When, however, the war is concluded and terms of peace are being arranged, it will become the duty of the United States, as protector of the western continent, to insist upon a hearing. The fate of Canada cannot be without concern to us. It will be imperatively necessary to warn off any encroaching power who may hold before itself the hope of securing a foothold in America. No European government can be permitted to take possession of Canada.

"What then is to become of the Dominion? Stretching as she does between the two great territories that form the United States, it is clear that geographical fitness must decide the question. America has a logical claim to Canada. The pacific policy we have pursued of grouping under one great banner all the scattered territories of this continent will here once more be justified.

"In a word, the United States will take Canada unto herself, and inaugurate within it a new era of peace and prosperity which that unfortunate and misled province so sadly needs."

There was much cheering as the Message came to a close, and eager voices claimed a hearing. It was true that there were some protests, some remonstrances, from moderate men. But the war spirit aflame in the youthful nation, that had scarce learnt the bitter lessons of statecraft, was too strong, and the President was acclaimed as the "iron hero of American progress."

Additional point was given to the discussion by the declaration of a prominent member that "when the United States had given the blessings of her protection and her government to all the territory of North and South America, it would become her glorious mission to establish the principles of arbitration amongst the nations of Europe, and force them to voluntarily accept impartial tribunals in all disputes arising between them."

There was much excitement in the American Press on the following morning, and cartoons of a character insulting to Great Britain were not lacking. Only one important journal assumed a calm and temperate tone.

The *New York World*, in a somewhat caustic article, warned the American people that if they were "too eager to secure more stars, they should not forget that they might have to take the stripes also."

But in Canada public indignation knew no bounds. Never was the loyalty of the Dominion so much needed, never so vigorously shown.

During the next few days—maddened by the contemptuous allusions of the President to the fate of the great English colony, a large number of volunteers assembled on the frontiers, and declared their intention of stamping out any overt acts of violence which American freebooters might make.

Everywhere young and active men came forward keen and ready to enlist their services for war either at home or abroad.

A large number of volunteers assembled on the frontiers.

One of the Quebec papers called loudly to the Canadian people to prepare themselves for invasion.

"Let the United States," it said, "come with its thirty ships and its 30,000 men. We shall flick them off like flies. Canada is strong in her defences—but in her loyalty and courage invincible."

And it was quite obvious that for the purposes of the war, Canada could prove of the greatest service to England. Her active militia alone numbered 40,000 men; of reserves she had no less than 1,100,000. Through active drill, and a preparation that, for the last two years—in view of a possible enemy by no means European—had been unremitting and exacting, this splendid army was in magnificent condition, trained in all the necessary evolutions of war, accustomed to rapid marching, excellent marksmen, and habituated to discipline.

It is not, therefore, without a genuine and well-founded feeling of self-assurance that Canada flung back the menaces of the United States, and clamoured to be permitted to pour her sons into the trenches in France and Germany.

But excited as American politicians were, madness of quite a different kind reigned in Wall Street.

The Message of the President had come as a thunderclap to the rich speculators and stockholders of New York. European war was bad enough; and already the commercial world was shaken to its foundations. But his open menace to England convulsed the market, and a terrible panic set in.

Men hurried to and fro in wild tumult, and violent words clashed in angry debates. The great leaders of finance were gathered in their strength, and, though silent, showed by flushed cheek and nervous movement their anxious concern in the news continually flashed along the cable.

On 'Change a small knot of Germans—disregarded and shunned—scowled upon the scene, looking half threatening, half amazed.

One of them, a rich broker named Dumpfstadt, approached Mr. Rockefeller, who, pale and erect, stood near the rostrum.

"Zis is von great hullaboo," he forcibly exclaimed. "Is not ze Vaterland goot frents to your beeb-e? Vy you ze Englischen thus so vid unfairness sympathise vid? Are de Deutsch here not also citizens of ze starred stripes?"

Rockefeller turned on him a quick look of disgust.

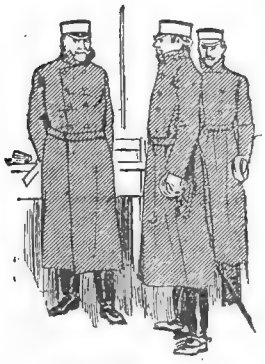
"Go away and learn English, you German blackguard," he said, "if you want to talk with me, and come back in a year."

"You lofe nicht fair play," stammered the German.

"Fair-play!" exclaimed Rockefeller. "Look here, you fool. I am not a man of sentiment; I have little time to feel for my own country, let alone for others. But do you German thieves know what it is you are trying to do? I am a business man, and I speak in a business way. The fortunes of America are bound up with those of England.

Digitized by Google

If England is beaten in this war, there will be universal ruin throughout the States. She is our best customer, she carries our goods, our money is invested in her stock. What do we care if France or Germany are buried in your petty ocean? We, the business men of New York, cannot afford that England should be beaten."



"What the French army wants is a man able to command it."

"You are von brafe man," sneered the German. "And vot will you do?"

"Do?" Here Rockefeller moved forward as though he intended to reduce the German nation by one person at least. "I will show you what we will do. Gentlemen," he exclaimed to the interested group that had gathered round, "listen to me. Our fortunes are at stake. We cannot let the English nation suffer defeat. Do not let us be led away by sentiment. We must save our possessions. I for one am not going to be beggared for jingo patriotism. This rascal asks us, the merchants of New York, what we can do. My reply is this: I will purchase ten million dollars' worth of the New British stock."

At his words a cheer was raised, and the excitement grew. Then Mr. Morgan, after shaking Rockefeller by the hand, mounted the rostrum and made an earnest speech, calling on them all to support the finances of England.

"I add my own ten millions," he declared. "Let us send England our money. It will be the best investment we have ever made. Our gold will keep her armies in the field and give them victory, and we shall save our falling interests throughout the world. Timid and blind is he who will not give a little to save much." There was a tumult of applause, and in a moment the two financiers had headed a list with forty millions of dollars. In half an hour two hundred millions had been subscribed. And that night a cablegram informed the English Chancellor that no less than forty millions sterling was on its way to take up a corresponding amount of the newly-created stock.

Indeed, the position of England from the mercantile point of view was exceedingly happy.

War depends on conditions that seem remote, and lie far below the surface. It is a question of money, food, and a thousand other things, and many a battle is won in the kitchen or in the counting-house. Everything conspired to make England strong where her enemies were weak. Her Consols were taken up with avidity by thousands of people whose stake in her security was too great to be left to fate. Rothschild, and the principal bankers, had thrown their money into the war chest. These men had to make up their minds from very self-interest—in a struggle that must be so terrible in its consequences—on which side they were prepared to throw in their lot, and the independence of England was realised to be a matter of first consequence, a primary condition to the security of investments.

But it was at this moment more clearly than ever that England realised the wisdom of her free-trade policy and reaped its benefits. Into her ports, corn, meal, farm produce, and all the necessities of life were poured. Germany and France paid heavily for their taxed goods; and, even then, being in a state of blockade, got little by them. The previous year had been a very prosperous one, and, denied her markets on the Continent, American produce fell in price and was bought at low terms by Great Britain.

Whilst England was getting her supplies with regularity and cheapness, France and Germany got theirs with difficulty and at a preposterous charge. Already those countries felt the pinch of need which the sudden stoppage of their import trade created.

They had not prepared for such an unexpected turn of events. Confident in their success they had sought no unusual loan and made no preparation to receive an unimpeded flow of food. But now, their navies beaten, their coasts blockaded, their merchantmen caught in a snare, America unable to reach them, or reaching them with scant supplies at a high rate, they reeled beneath a blow that already was telling hard upon them.

To protect her commerce the United States was determined. And if the best and safest market was England there was need of a strong fleet in the Atlantic to maintain the security of her merchantmen which plied across laden with the stores of a rich and bounteous harvest.

Admiral Mahan was selected to command the American fleet. A skilled strategian, a brave officer, a man of resource, he was an ideal choice for a mission so delicate.

There was in him also the yearning for active service which is inevitable in a true sailor, and he accepted his office with eagerness. But the President of the United States, in the course of an interview with him, damped his ardour, as the chief citizen had given some thought to the effect of his Message.

"We are strictly neutral, Admiral Mahan," he said. "Your duty is a difficult one; it is open to temptations. America has need of a man of cool judgment and strict restraint."

"It may be that there will also be need of a little gunpowder," replied the Admiral. "I shall be bound to reply to any hostile overture."

The President smiled.

"Let me clearly understand," said the Admiral; "am I right in reading your Message that I must avoid any complications with Great Britain?"

President McKinley paused for a moment before he answered: "It is your duty to protect the commerce of the United States. You must act as your judgment directs in the performance of your mission."

Admiral Mahan retired with a very clear view of the Presidential sympathies. And they in no way agreed with his own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Les Rois D'Yvetot.

The tide of battle had hardly surged back from Havre leaving bare, in ghastly detail, the ruin and misery of the fight, ere there came to Paris realistic accounts of the bombardment of Tronning, followed by the wholly unexpected capture of Stralsund.

The representatives of France and Germany now knew that the "war of extermination" was not to be a triumphal march through the ruins of the British empire. It was rather to partake of the character ascribed to it by their determined and resolute foe—a struggle for life between England and her assailants.

So far the game lay with England.

It was clearly their policy not to play longer into her hands by allowing their troops and ships to be encountered by practically equal forces, when the admittedly superior fighting qualities of British soldiers and sailors never left the issue in doubt for a moment.

France had lost a very large number of men, and her navy had been placed *hors de combat*, save the proportion of French vessels among the fleet of cruisers which had escaped through the Straits of Gibraltar. True, she still had many ships scattered about the globe in various stations, but the cable-cutting tactics adopted at the outbreak of hostilities were reacting with singular effect upon the allies.

Digitized by Google

It was now their turn to be isolated so far as submarine telegraphy was concerned, whilst Great Britain was actively engaged in restoring her communications throughout the world.

Such news as reached the allies concerning the progress of external events was not reassuring.

A small expedition sent off to capture Cape Town had been annihilated *en route* by a rapid concentration of the British ships on the South and West African stations, whilst the arms and munitions of war on board had gone far towards equipping a strong force of colonial volunteers hastening to the assistance of the Old Country.

start of me, I hope to catch them before they have succeeded in doing much damage.

"If, on my return, I find that you have permitted the slightest wrong to the lives or property of any of Her Majesty's subjects in Japan, I will knock your newly-built kingdom into ruins about your ears."

Little as the Japanese liked this form of address they had the good sense to [illegible] nds until they saw how the cat jumped, and [illegible] Mikado made amends to England by affo[illegible]ng her very material assistance in the concluding operations of the war.

Paris was still confident.

Cavalry swept to the front in superb style.

The British Admiral in the Far East, too, had encountered and beaten the French squadron in those waters.

This was known to the allies, but they did not know that Vice-Admiral Sir E. F. Fremantle had discovered, on the dead body of the French commander, letters which made clear to him the scope of the Russian enterprise resulting in the dispatch of the Japanese fleet to Australia.

This fleet was nominally a portion of the allied forces, but Sir Edward Fremantle swept aside diplomatic formalities, and roundly accused the Mikado of being a party to a base and treacherous action.

"Take notice," he wrote to him "that I am fully cognisant of your designs. Although your ships, with their German and French commanders, have got nearly a week's

Orders were sent to the fleet of cruisers at Brest not to attempt an engagement with the English ships off Havre, but to steal off quietly to harass British commerce on the Atlantic, finally delivering an attack on Newfoundland and Canada.

"At sea England is supreme," said M. Hanotaux; "on land she is at our mercy."

Bolder spirits urged a series of assaults on Havre, but it was felt that France might thus meet England's wishes and spend her strength upon a single point, even then doubtful of attainment.

Rouen, therefore, was selected as the place where France would concentrate her forces. Here she would assemble an army of 600,000 men, and would make no move until she felt that the British army could be hopelessly and finally crushed.

Digitized by Google

The Fourth Army Corps, commanded by General Mercier, was posted at Yvetot as a Corps d'Observation, and behind this formidable barrier France quietly gathered her tremendous resources in men and war material.

It was no part of Lord Robert's plan to quietly allow the French to consolidate themselves under the conditions they found most advantageous.

Without delay he gave orders for 100,000 men to be ready to march on the following morning, each regiment carrying three days' field rations, and the Commissariat to keep up the supply thereafter. The remainder of his force was charged with the maintenance of the line of communication, whilst the 200,000 men then arriving in strong detachments from England, were to be forwarded to Beuzeville, Bolbec, and Lillebonne, small towns lying in the rear of Yvetot, as quickly as possible.

"Voila les rois d'Yvetot."

In every case the territorial classification of regiments was strictly followed in the distribution of troops. Consequently, brigades were not only exceptionally strong, but worked wonderfully well together, considering that experienced battalions were mixed up with raw levies.

For the purpose of illustration, it will suffice if the composition of one brigade, the 10th, be analysed.

It took its number from that of its regimental district, and the nucleus was the 2nd Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment, commanded by Lieut-Colonel H. C. Huntley, who now held the field rank of Brigadier-General. The other battalions in the brigade were the 3rd and 4th Militia Battalions and the 1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions of the Lincolns. Major F. R. Lowth took local command of the line Battalion, and the C.O.'s of the other battalions were respectively Viscount Oxenbridge, Earl Brownlow, Colonel J. G. Williams, and Colonel R. G. Ellison. As additional levies began to put in an appearance from the Auxiliary Army they were added to the militia and volunteer battalions, and as soon as the strength of a battalion assumed unwieldy proportions it was split up into two and renumbered.

In some cases, such as the Royal Fusiliers or the 60th Rifles, where the recruiting ground was exceptionally populous, a single regiment grew from its army strength of 850 into a brigade of 5,000, and finally into a division of 20,000.

Yet its efficiency as a tactical unit never became seriously impaired, and it was simply astonishing to see the manner in which men hitherto unused to arms quietly took their places in the ranks.

To send forth untrained men in a mass to take part in field operations would have been to court immediate and wholesale disaster, but to fit them into the component parts of an already complete and excellent organisation was a very different matter.

In actual military experience the raw levies of England soon equalled the reserves of both France and Germany; in every other soldierly quality they were vastly superior.

* * * * *

Yvetot stands nearly midway between Havre and Rouen, being about thirty miles distant from either, though perchance the balance of a mile or so would be in favour of the former.

It is a quaint little place, and would never have been heard of if Béranger had not dealt with its magnates much as Alphonse Daudet has immortalised the leaders of society in Tarascon.

On the west of the town the road leading to Motteville runs for nearly a mile by the side of a series of limestone quarries. Many generations of lime burners have cut deeply into the face of the curious ridge which terminates the elevated plateau at this point, and the extreme boundary of the quarries is marked by a mill, the Moulin des Rochers, whose whirling arms are visible for many miles round.

Early in the week, the main body of the British army being then distant some six miles from Yvetot (it must be remembered that thus far a double line of railway, with several branch lines, was in their hands), the Commander-in-Chief ordered a strong cavalry reconnaissance, supported by two batteries of Horse Artillery, to be pushed to the farthest possible limit in order to ascertain the disposition of the enemy.

General Massy, to whom this duty was intrusted, found that the French commander was strongly posted in Yvetot itself, whilst the bulk of his command lay behind the town on the road to Rouen, and also towards the south so as to command the line of the Seine.

Lord Roberts received this intelligence with a smile.

"What the French army wants is a man able to command it," was his comment, and Harington, who had accompanied General Massy during the reconnaissance, thought that he understood the Chief's remark.

A general advance was at once ordered, with the result that by midday the skirmishers thrown out by the French were being steadily driven back to the support of their guns.

Although sixty batteries of horse and field artillery accompanied the attacking force, only six of them came into action at first. For some unaccountable reason the rest had vanished.

Thirty-six guns against two hundred are but poor odds, and General Mercier, who early became aware of his vast predominance in artillery, resolved to turn the circumstance to account, and forthwith brought his entire force into action.

His orders from Paris were to remain strictly upon the defensive, but here was a chance of sweeping the English straight into the sea. It was too good to be refused.

This time there was none of the overcrowding and impetuous haste of the French advance at Blèville.

Cavalry swept to the front in superb style, and by half-past twelve the British forces were more hotly engaged than they had been at any time during the battle in the environs of Havre.

Curiously enough Lord Roberts paid little heed to the details of the French advance.

"They are doing exactly what I want them to do," he exclaimed rather sharply to a member of his staff who earnestly called his attention to the dense columns of troops which made up the enemy's centre and right.

Ever and anon did his glasses sweep the ridge culminating at the Moulin des Rochers at the head of the quarries, a line of country which completely flanked the French position and dominated it in a remarkable manner. The quarries themselves were fifty feet in height, and the land sloped away gently towards the Seine from the road along their base.

Matters momentarily became more serious, and the Duke of York had it in his mind to tell the Commander-in-Chief that his staff were of opinion that something should be done, and done quickly, if a disaster were to be averted, when Lord Roberts cried, with a keen note of relief in his voice:

"At last!" Then turning to his aides he said: "Lose no time in telling divisional commanders to press the attack home on Yvetot. The right of the line is to extend slightly and endeavour to force the enemy into the main road to Rouen."

The troops had complete confidence in their general, and

Digitized by Google

were delighted when the order came to continue the advance, which had now been delayed some time.

Almost at the same moment the French became aware that they were subjected to the most murderous artillery fire that an army of any considerable size had ever been called upon to encounter.

Over 300 British guns were in position on the ridge behind the quarries, whence, perfectly secure themselves from attack, or even effective reply from the French artillery, they poured a tornado of shrapnel upon the dense masses of the enemy.

A large number of Maxim guns which were strapped to the limbers were also brought into action, and played a deluge of bullets, like spray from some gigantic garden hose, upon the French line, sweeping pitilessly over an area of a mile and a half in length by a mile in depth.

The French loss was heavy enough in all conscience, but even worse than this was the knowledge that their commander had been completely hoodwinked into bringing about an engagement under conditions thoroughly suited to the convenience of the enemy.

"*Voilà les rois d'Yvetot,*" said a lieutenant of chasseurs, pointing to the British gunners after he had picked up his heavy brass helmet, which a spent Maxim bullet had knocked off his head.

"The situation is quite ludicrous," replied the *sous-officier* to whom the remark was addressed. "These English evidently regard our generals as half their army. Ah! I expected as much," he continued, as orders came along the line for a rapid retreat on the Rouen Road.

Meanwhile General Mercier, after taking the best possible arrangements for quitting an untenable position, called for Commandant Bertholde, the head of the Intelligence Department of his staff, and said, with the quiet anger of despair in his voice: "I thought you told me that a flank approach by the Moulin des Rochers was impossible for either cavalry or artillery."

The officer he addressed flushed deeply as he replied: "I stake my life that no French guns could have got there under similar conditions. What has happened is simply miraculous."

"Next time, Commandant Bertholde," said the general, "I pray you remember that where a man can lodge his foot the English can lodge a cannon. You had better save yourself and use the knowledge," and he pointed contemptuously towards Rouen.

The officer addressed was too regretful to resent his superior's insulting tone.

"And you, *mon général?*" he inquired.

"My place is with the rear guard," replied General Mercier. In other words, he was resolved to sacrifice his life.

But circumstances were too much for him. During a charge by the 17th Lancers his sword arm was rendered useless. A trooper of the 6th Dragoons seized his horse's bridle, and, notwithstanding the general's protestations, galloped his charger off the field.

A trooper of the 6th Dragoons seized his horse's bridle.

The "miracle" which the French staff officer had announced, was the crossing by the English artillery division of a deep and rocky ravine which ran across the plateau behind the ridge, carrying a small stream from the heights some miles away right into the town of Yvetot.

Fortunately, Lord Roberts had allowed Major-General Nairne an extra hour to execu te the movement with the guns, and when the leading batteries were brought to a halt by this formidable obstacle, the resourceful soldier in charge of the division did for a moment experience a very unpleasant tingle of cold perspiration.

He knew that the entire army would be in very serious straits if he were materially delayed in getting into action, and for a few seconds he thought to retrieve the disaster by hurrying back to the left wing, and doing the best he could in that direction.

Crossing difficult nullahs was no new thing for him, but with 300 guns it was a very different matter to manipulating a single battery.

Whilst he was thus tortured with doubt, his eye lighted upon a large hay-mew, with strong uprights and corrugated iron roof, standing on the opposite hill, and he at once resolved upon a desperate expedient.

"That is the high road to Paris."

In two places the ravine was practicable up to the verge of the rocky stream itself, and he forthwith gave orders that the hay-mew was to be demolished and two bridges constructed with its material, some gun carriages being also utilised if necessary.

Hundreds of gunners were set to this work, whilst an equally large number of men laboured with pick and shovel to secure reasonably safe tracks for the guns up and down the rugged sides of the ravine. In three-quarters of an hour the bridges were pronounced effective, and in the same space of time the whole of the guns were ranged up on the further side.

By galloping furiously the remaining half-mile they were able to unlimber just fifteen minutes after their appointed time, but Lord Roberts afterwards confessed that those fifteen minutes took more out of him than the whole march from Kabul to Kandahar.

"*Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt,*" is the second motto of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and surely duty and glory never led them through a more difficult place than they encountered during the battle of Yvetot.

"A' thocht tae see a fecht the day," observed the sergeant in the 42nd, whom we met at Blèville, mopping his head as the Black Watch halted on the western outskirts of Yvetot, and a third cavalry brigade swept past in hot pursuit of the enemy.

"D'ye no ca' this a fecht?" said a stalwart youngster, who was carefully wiping his bayonet with a handful of grass.

"Fecht!" was the scornful reply. "A've seen warse todo in the Trongate mony a Saturday nicht. They're puir bodies the French."

Calming down to a more reasonable state of mind, the sergeant subsequently admitted that few troops outside the Black Watch could have withstood the fire of the guns under similar circumstances.

"The Seaforths," he added, "wad hae tried, but A've aye had me doots o' the McKenzies."

It was well for him that the Seaforth Highlanders were not within earshot, or he would have had a first-rate Trongate row on hand at the earliest opportunity, and the invincible 42nd might have met its match.

After the terrible rout that followed, the 4th Army Corps was of no further value. It was cut into shreds. The

Digitized by Google

British cavalry and artillery did not cease the pursuit for many miles, driving the disorderly rabble of men before them along the roads and bye-ways towards Motteville and Pavilly.

Just beyond Yvetot the main road to Rouen turns sharply to the right and then continues in undeviating line until it is lost amidst the distant foliage of the fertile table-land of the Pays de Caux.

Two minor thoroughfares spring from the same point, where Harington stood awhile to watch the pursuit about a quarter to two o'clock.

"I never thought I should be here again under such conditions," he said to a brother-officer who, like himself was engaged on staff duty.

"So I should suppose," said the other. "But why do you say it?"

"Do you know what you are looking at?"

"No. Not particularly."

"That is the high road to Paris."

CHAPTER XIX.

Russia to the Rescue.

On the day following the battle of Yvetot volatile Paris strove hard to maintain her new reputation for steadfast purpose, and made pretence to smile at this fresh misfortune.

But in the theatres the comedy seemed to have lost its abandonment and the tragic stage was neglected. There was a tremor in the mirth of this gay people. Already the dread thought—as yet unspoken—came to their minds and leaped frantically in their hearts that the sound of cannon was once more almost at their gates, and that the City of Pleasure—that gay and lovely haunt of all the nations—was threatened.

There had been hurried meetings at the Elysée, and pale crowds of stricken citizens waited from hour to hour at its doors to glean intelligence of what new and final effort the Government would make to rid French soil of the invaders.

Now the menace sounded loudly in their ears, there was no longer idle exultation or the wild caprice of sterile enthusiasm. The heart of the brave nation was stirred and there burned the fire of martial ardour, the patriot eagerness for action. This all-pervading flame consumed in a moment the frail superficial egotism that disguised the real courage of the French people.

And what were those wild rumours that flew through the city and brought crowds to the Champs Elysées—crowds at once indignant and desperate? What means those frequent hurryings of messengers between the President's house and the German Embassy? Was it true, this strange story, that there had flashed along the railway wires the imperative order that traffic should stand aside and the lines be cleared for an express train that was to hurry over Europe, bound—who knew where?

Loud clamouring thundered the impatience of the people. News—news—any news was better than none at all.

"Are we to do nothing?" shouted one. "Are we to sit here and welcome the English pig to our city?"

"An ill thing it will be," muttered another, "if we are kept in the dark."

"Cheer up, neighbours," exclaimed a horsedealer who stood by. "Our generals have genius and——"

"A genius for getting shot, that's about all," was the retort. "I hope you have a good stock in your stables, Mercier. We shall need horse *ragout* before long, I'm thinking, if there are many more delays."

And thus the crowd continued, in muffled remonstrance or more strident anger, to call upon their Ministers of State to be up and doing.

It was imperative that the restlessness of the city should be alleviated, and by nightfall an official notice in *Le Journal* gave the welcome intelligence that a decisive step had been taken by the governments of France and Germany.

"It has been arranged," ran this announcement, "that the old and tried ally of France, the great nation of Russia, shall be asked to take her proper part in the humiliation of the insolent foe. The three great empires of Europe are together in this supreme struggle, and before the armies of Russia, Germany, and France the haughty domain of England will fall shattered at the first blow."

There was much rejoicing in Paris.

What could be more magnificent than this, which would practically unite all Europe against Great Britain? And Russia. The friend and ally of France, the nation which had done her the honour to borrow her money and accept her hospitality; was not Russia, with her foot upon India, with her armies uncountable, and her fleets, which might sweep unquestioned through the Baltic and break into the charmed waters of the North Sea, a power irresistible and invincible?

As the train steamed out of the railway station, bearing the emissaries of France and Germany, the popular excitement and enthusiasm were extraordinary. M. Hanotaux was bodily lifted from his carriage and carried into the saloon that lay waiting for him and his brother diplomats. The air rang with the shouts and plaudits of an intoxicated people.

But the journey to Russia was not one of unmixed pleasure. M. Hanotaux and M. de Visne, who represented the Republic, and Count Caprivi and General Dumpf, who acted on behalf of Germany, were ill at ease.

Their first bold strokes at England had failed disastrously. Two armies and two fleets had been destroyed. But, worse than this in the eye of honour, the English soldier had set his foot upon both dominions. Paris itself was threatened, Stralsund had been seized. Nearly half a million men—bold, confident, desperate—with no one knew how many more preparing to follow them, menaced the existence of the two empires.

"I am not sure that we are right," said Caprivi gloomily, "in calling in Russia. She is acting now as ever the part of the fox. We do the fighting, but it is she who will carry off the booty."

"Nothing easier than to retract," replied Hanotaux with a sneer. "You have an army of four millions, I believe. It is twenty to one."

Caprivi ground his teeth.

"There's no need of cheap satire," he declared. "You know as well as I do that the German reserves are strong enough to conquer the world France and Germany together have an army of over seven millions of men. What foe can possibly be an object of dread?"

"Well?"

"You know perfectly well the danger. Germany is united, of course, but——"

"But," Hanotaux took up the sentence, "you are not a free people. There is no need for concealment," he continued, seeing Caprivi eager to retort. "Let us face the facts steadily. Your Emperor has been engaged in killing individual freedom. He has established a tyranny worse than that of the Tsar of Russia. If you had to call upon your shopkeepers and citizens you would stand in hourly danger of a social rising that would depose your Emperor and destroy your capital. You dare not, in a war unprovoked as this, call on your reserves."

"And you?" hotly interposed General Dumpf.

"We are, I admit, in much the same predicament. We have, gentlemen, been labouring under a terrible mistake. Let us admit it frankly. Our huge armies and magnificent reserves, forced into service, are not available, as the mere statist would tell us, for purposes of war. Let the French Government call upon the French people—after a blunder so ghastly as to make the step necessary—and there will be a third revolution. No Cabinet could stand the shock. As for Germany, a collection of states with their jealousies and vanities and selfish interests, you cannot expect that your conscripts will rush to arms when you have trodden upon them, denied them free speech and free religion and public rights. It is in a moment of national agony like this that national defects are most apparent."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

PYN-KA

THE WONDERFUL
METAL POLISHER

The Lustre Lasts!
Pyn-Ka Leaves no Scratches!

Cleans and burnishes gold, silver, plate, copper, brass, nickel, tin, glass, etc., better, quicker, and at less cost of labour and money than any other polish known.

Paste or tablets, 1d. to 6d. All dealers.

£60
TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

Among those taking part in the following

Free Cash Prize Competition

NO ENTRANCE FEE WHATEVER.

1st Prize £25. 2nd Prize £20.
3rd Prize £10. 4th Prize £5.

The above money prizes will be given away as an advertisement amongst the competitors who can rearrange the following twenty-four letters to represent the names of four well-known trades, selected by us.

TUBREHCKAREBROCEGRPARDER.

Send in your solution at once, and we will inform you if correct, and give you full details of the Competition with conditions and date of closing. If you cannot solve all four do as many as you can, as there are four prizes to compete for. No Solution can be received after October 17th, 1898.—Address: "COMPETITION" MANAGER, 117A SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, LONDON, N.

NOSE MACHINE.

This is a contrivance by which the short cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price **10/6**, sent free for stamps.

ALEX. ROSS,
62, Theobald's Road,
London.
Opposite Bedford Row.
(Est. 1850.)

Parcel free from observation

THE BEST HAIR DYE

in the World for Lashes, Eyebrows, and Hair on the Head, with Moustache and Beard. For Ladies' Hair and for all Colours. Had at 3s. 6d., post 3s. 9d., of ALEX. ROSS, 62 Theobald's Road, High Holborn, London, W.C. Spanish Cantharides for fallen hair, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

SALE NOW OVER SIX MILLIONS YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

WHY INDUCE HEART DISEASE TO CURE YOUR HEAD

When you can get a real safe remedy like KAPUTINE?

Dr. Thurston, Licentiate, of the Royal College of Physicians, writes November 16th: "Knowing the formulæ from which KAPUTINE is compounded, I unhesitatingly recommend its use in preference to crude Antifibrin and other synthetic drugs which, unfortunately for sufferers, are so commonly used for Headache, and which have undoubtedly injurious effects on the Heart, Brain, and Vesicle tissues generally."

NOTHING LIKE KAPUTINE. NOTHING SIMILAR. NOTHING AS GOOD.

All leading Chemists sell it. Packets of 18 doses 1s. Sample 1d.

After 13 Years' Suffering, Cured for 1s.

The Rev. T. TAYLOR, Vicar of St. Bredward, Cornwall, writes: "Owing to a severe accident while riding, my wife has for the past thirteen years been subject to violent attacks of neuralgia. The relief she has experienced from KAPUTINE has been speedy and effectual. KAPUTINE, while it is efficacious in its use, is attended with none of the disagreeable after effects which she has experienced in the case of other drugs."

After 10 Weeks' Suffering, Cured for 1d.

DEER RECTORY, MINTLAW, ABERDEEN,
NOVEMBER 8TH, 1897.

From Rev. J. H. BURN.

"My own cure with one dose of KAPUTINE was marvellous after ten weeks incessant neuralgia.

Used also by Her Grace the Countess of Cavan, Lady Dashwood, The Countess of Munster, Surgeon Lieut.-Col. Baker, etc., etc.

Nothing Similar. Nothing as Good. **KAPUTINE CURES HEADACHE IN 10 MINUTES.**

If you enclose stamped envelope to A. M. Kaputine Ltd., Huddersfield, you will get free samples by return.

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

Digitized by Google

YOU AND I.

L. T.—Taking a holiday does not necessarily mean lazying about. It depends upon what you have been doing, and your temperament. Some persons are as incapable of remaining idle as others are of prolonged work. Lord Macaulay once took a six weeks' holiday, during which time he learnt the Dutch language. You must not regard your friend as a duffer because he went botanising nearly all day while you lay on your back in a field.

M.—Although the mushroom's life is measured by hours, it flourishes long enough for an insect to hang its egg on the edge of the "umbrella," and for that egg to become an insect ready to colonise another mushroom.

F. W.—So far as I know, Russia is the only country in which applause in theatres is strictly forbidden.

Scorcher anxiously inquires whether fast or slow riding is most injurious to pneumatic tyres.———Undoubtedly fast riding will wear out your bicycle tyres more quickly than slow riding; the reason being that the impact with which it comes into contact with small, sharp obstacles on the road will be much greater. These small obstacles — chips of stones, thorns, etc.—are to be found scattered over every road, and, when travelling fast, the cover of a tyre, and often the inner tube, will be pierced by a number of them, which, were it travelling slowly, it would pass over, the force with which it strikes them not being sufficient to make them perforate the tyres.

Scotty.—No part of a tree can be removed from the grounds of Holyrood Palace without the permission of the Queen. One, dating from the reign of Queen Mary, was recently blown down, and before the gardeners could touch it, a photograph had to be forwarded to the Queen, who formally ordered its removal.

Amicus Veritatas has failed to convince a sceptical friend of his that there are fishes of the perch species that climb trees. He appeals to us to bear him out in this statement, feeling sure that what we have to say will bear weight with his friend.———We are indeed flattered by the confidence you put in our opinion. On consulting our books of reference, we find that there are indeed a species of the perch called the "climbing perch," which voluntarily leaves the failing streams, ascends the banks, and proceeds over dry land towards some spot where its unerring instinct warns it that water is yet to be found. No record is made, however, of these tree-climbing fish. Probably, hearing of the climbing perch, you took it for granted that trees were meant.

Q. D. asks: "What sort of a knot is the 'Staffordshire knot?'"———Queen Elizabeth is said to have promised his life to a prisoner lying under sentence of death in the old Castle of Stafford if he could devise a knot that would hang three men at once. The reward sharpened his wits, and he accomplished the invention of a triple knot, simple enough, yet into which three men's necks could be inserted separately.

T. N. D. wants to know why both heat and cold make one sleepy.———If the temperature be lowered beyond a certain point, the small vessels underlying the skin contract, and the general circulation of the body is impeded. The respiratory organs are especially affected, and move so slowly that the blood is not properly aerated, and the circulation of blood to the brain becomes slow and meagre. This necessarily produces sleep. Heat tends to cause sleep by inducing a feeling of comfort, which is a condition favourable to somnolence. If the heat is excessive, the system becomes languid; slight exertion wearies the body, and sleep naturally follows.

Salamander asks: "Which two nations of importance have been friendly for the greatest length of time?"———England and Germany. There may have been differences of opinion and sometimes strained relationships, which, however, have been smoothed over by diplomatic intercourse, but throughout the long and warlike history of these two great nations, there has never yet been any open warfare.

W. H.—The main, or high sea, begins at low water mark, and our Courts of Admiralty have jurisdiction there. Between the high and the low water marks those Courts divide jurisdiction with the common law courts; that is, when the sea is out the exposed ground is under common law, but the other Courts have power when the tide is in. The limit of territorial waters has been fixed at three miles, which was the utmost distance to which a cannon-ball could reach when the law was made. Within that limit international law recognises national or local law.

Artist.—Prussian blue paint is made from the ashes of the burnt hoofs of horses.

P. N.—About five years ago an engineer of Hamburg proposed to convey passengers by pneumatic tube, in the same way as letters are sent. I haven't heard anything of the scheme since. Only three persons were to be conveyed at one time. The "carriage" was a tube 42in. in diameter and 6ft. long, lighted by electricity and supplied with air in a patent reservoir. The speed was to be ninety miles an hour.

Portrait.—The representations of our monarchs on the coins of their time cannot be relied upon as likenesses. We read that the portrait of George III. on the first half-crown of his reign represented him with a neck like that of a gladiator; that did not please the King, so an alteration was made, but "still there was no likeness." Yet it was adopted.

M. C., like the majority of us, has some superstition remaining in his composition. His weakness in that direction is that Friday is a bad day in his family; but the recent battle in the Soudan has upset his pet idea. "I have a brother in the Sirdar's army," he writes, "and I have been dreading that the battle might take place on Friday, for I felt sure that he would be killed if engaged on that day. But he wasn't. I shall begin to think that there is something wrong in my idea."———I should think so. Sir Herbert Kitchener is evidently not affected in that way; he has twice met and defeated the Dervishes during the past few months, and each time on Friday. The battle at Athara was won in the early hours of Good Friday. The head of a City firm once told me that the best appointment he ever held was obtained on Friday.

Sleep.—Yes, there are animals which sleep through the summer, for the same reason as others sleep all through the winter. Æstivation, as it is called, is not so well-known to us as its opposite. In the tropical regions, when the sun dries up the pools and makes it difficult for slow-moving animals to find sustenance, they compromise with Nature and go to sleep till the troublous time is over.

SHORT STORIES' ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£0	10	0
Double ,, ,,	1	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	10	0	0
Half-page ,, ,, ,, ...	5	0	0
Quarter-page ,, ,, ...	2	10	0
Eighth-page ,, ,, ...	1	5	0
Front page, whole ,, ,, ...	12	10	0
,, half	6	5	0

All spaces above one-eighth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Back blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Tuesday, Oct. **4th**, if intended for the Issue on sale Oct. **18th**, and dated Oct. **22nd**. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

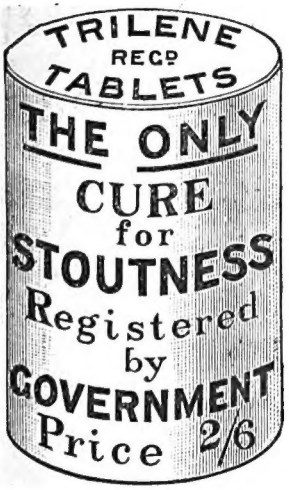
Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be **CURED** by taking

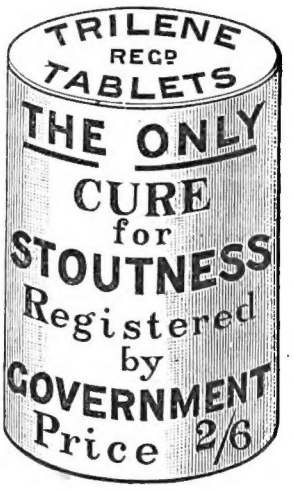
TRILENE TABLETS Regd.



For a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to Improve both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet.

An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"67 Alexandra Road, Norwich, October 19th, 1896.

"Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them; their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing so stout, but although the disease was, I consider chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

Convalescent Home, New Brighton, Cheshire.

Miss S. J. PRITCHARD says: "They have done me good. I am 21lb. lighter already."

Mrs. DARNLEY SMITH, Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

Mrs. F. HARPER, 61 Portland Crescent, Leeds, writes: "My doctor persuaded me to try a box, and I find they have done my breathing a lot of good and I can get about much better. My doctor did not wish his name mentioned, but they have done him good personally."

A. BROWN, of 25 Edwin Street, High Pallion, Sunderland, says: "You have no idea what a most wonderful effect the Tablets had. I am a great deal thinner, and better in health."

Nurse CROUCHER, at Mrs. Bennett's, 14 Buckleigh Road, Streatham, says: "I lost 9lb. from the box I took."

"77 Hindhill Street, Heywood, February 5th, 1898.

"Gentlemen,—I have not quite finished the box of Tablets and am 2lb. lighter. The change is great, and several friends are beginning the treatment, which not only reduces fat but strengthens rheumatic joints—such has been the case with me. "Yours sincerely, M. A. HEYWOOD."

Mrs. D. BURTON, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all telling me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss NORTHLEDGE, The Laurels, Rischolme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Extract from *The Lady*, September 3rd, 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting, or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a box of the wonderful Trilene Tablets which are quite harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing cure for obesity.

FATHER T. M. BYRNE, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

L. LUDDRINGTON, "Sunnyside," Station Road, Sidcup, says: "I have benefited greatly, and have lost a stone."

Mr. MCLEOD, 44, Calside, Paisley, writes: "I have been cured. If you want to know my weight now, it is 10st.; reduced 1st. 8lb., and I am quite content."

A. M. PRATT, of Ongar House, Ongar, says: "My weight is so much reduced it is unnecessary to take more. The reduction of weight was from 12st. 6lb. to 10st. 4lb."

Miss A. ATKINS, 329 Southdown Road, Liverpool, writes: "I lost nearly a stone from taking one box."

Mrs. WHITEHOUSE, of Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, writes: "My husband is in splendid health, and has lost 15lb. in weight since taking the Tablets; I am sure I thank you on his account."

Mrs. JAMES SMITH, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. WOODS, 447 Cowbridge Road, Canton, Cardiff, says: "Tablets have a most marked effect, and I shall take every opportunity to make known the wonders of your remedy."

Col.-Sergt. WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regt., Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mr. BUTLER, Surgeon, M.R.C.V.S., of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. in weight whilst taking your Tablets."

"Miss HUMPHREYS, of Claremont Buildings, Shrewsbury, has lost 1st. in weight already, and thinks the Tablets deserve every success."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, writes: "Before taking Tablets I was 46 inches round waist, now I am 32 inches. I hope soon to be 23. I could hardly move or get up, now I get about easily. Please use this as you wish."

Countess G. FURSTENBERG, of Stammheim, Germany, writes: "They act speedily and well."

The Princess LIECHTENSTEIN writes from Landsberg, Austria: "Pray send me your excellent Tablets."

Mrs. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Ross, Hereford, writes: "I am reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. You may use this if you like."

Miss J. GUISE, 3 North End, Croydon, says: "I cannot speak too highly of the Tablets; I was stout all my life until a few weeks ago, when I first began your treatment. I was surprised to find they acted so admirably. I am now getting quite a slender figure, besides being better in health."

Lady C. CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am very pleased with your Tablets."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

ALL PRIZES IN FORMER COMPETITIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN UP; EIGHT MACHINES NOT BEING CLAIMED IN TIME WERE PASSED ON.

"We have examined the A.B. Cycles, and find them well-made, high-class machines. The firm are thoroughly straightforward."—*Cycling*, August 6th, 1893.

"Knowing the method on which the A.B. Cycle Company's business is done, we can honestly recommend the firm."—*Athletic Record*, September 3rd, 1898.

100 BICYCLE PRIZES.

SEND ANSWERS EARLY.

Make up the best sentence you can out of twelve words, the first letter of each word commencing with a letter of "LAST TEN YEARS" in proper order. Thus: "*L*ike *A*ll *S*ubstantial *T*hings *T*hey *E*ndure *N*umberless *Y*ears, *E*arning *A* *R*oyal *S*tatus." If you like you can make two or more sentences, provided you comply with the above conditions, so that no more than twelve words are used in all.

AN ABSOLUTELY FREE COMPETITION.

We ask you to buy nothing before allowing you to participate in the Prizes. Neither after you have won a prize (if you are fortunate enough to do so) do we compel you to purchase any accessories. You pay nothing to enter, and even if you receive one of our regret notices—and we make no secret of the fact that hundreds are unsuccessful—you are only out of pocket for the cost of two penny stamps, which the Post Office gets the benefit of. Thus we can truthfully assert of this thoroughly genuine Competition that it is

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL.

ALL MACHINES GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

REMEMBER, IT ONLY COSTS A POSTAGE STAMP TO TRY.

First Prize, £23 A.B. Safety, fitted with A.B. tyres.

The following ladies and gentlemen are amongst the number of persons who have recently received free bicycles, each of whom have signed a Solemn Declaration that he or she is in no way connected either directly or indirectly with this firm. We will forfeit £1,000 if this statement is incorrect. A few Free Cycle Winners: Mr. Geo. A. Haynes, 9 Windsor Street, Barrow-in-Furness; Miss Mary Page-Henderson, 8 Lexham Gardens, Kensington, W.; Mr. A. Merrilees, Harvay, Orkney; Mr. Arthur J. Woolnough, 29 Thomson Street, Govan, Glasgow; Mrs. Maria Fraser, Haglefort, Shinrone, Ireland; Mr. Robert Hughes, Llanidan, Anglesey, North Wales; Mr. L. Horne, 101 London Road, Oldham; etc.

Second Class (9 prizes) £23 Cycle for £9
Third Class (12 prizes) £23 Cycle for £10
Fourth Class (15 prizes) £23 Cycle for £11
Fifth Class (18 prizes) £23 Cycle for £12
Sixth Class (20 prizes) £23 Cycle for £13
Consolation (25 prizes) £23 Cycle for £14

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—COMPETITION IS NOW OPEN and **closes Monday, October 17th, 1898.** Results will be declared as soon as possible, although it may be a fortnight afterwards before all replies are posted.

Winners of prizes must clear them within a week or ten days, otherwise machines unclaimed will be passed on to the next in rotation. Prizes may be considerably increased in all or any one class. Unless stamp (not a stamped envelope, as our catalogue is a large [outward] size) is enclosed for postage of Catalogue and Result of Competition, the Company will not guarantee to inform competitors of their success. Prize-winners need not purchase any accessories with their machines, unless they so desire. As the majority of the competitors may not be able to call and inspect the machines, **we guarantee to refund the full amount** paid for a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or for one of our Consolation Prizes **if the owner is not perfectly satisfied** with it on arrival. We cannot give any money or other prizes in lieu of cycles, and consequently cannot enter into any discussion relating thereto. One solution only allowed to each competitor. Disregard of this regulation renders any prize liable to forfeiture.

£100

We offer this Reward to any lady or gentleman able to prove that we have ever in the whole course of our existence sold our cheapest machines under £15 cash either to any ordinary customer, agent, dealer or shipper. We do not allow a shilling extra discount beyond the 34 per cent. off the catalogue price to anyone, and even if we had an order for one hundred of our lowest priced machines we should refuse to supply them unless we were paid £1,500.

Mark letters "SHORT STORIES" on top corner of envelope, and address to the Managing Director,

A.B. CYCLE CO. LTD., 59 & 60 CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

Digitized by Google